

The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

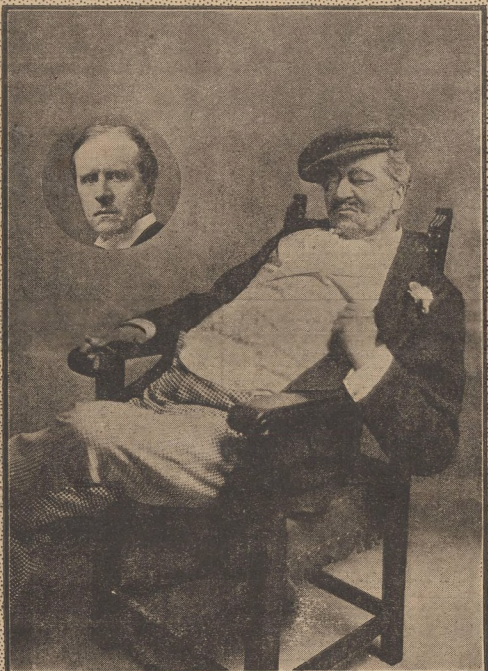
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FRIDAY, MAY 19, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

MR. TREE AS ISIDORE IZARD.



A wonderful impersonation and clever make-up in "Business is Business," Mr. Sydney Grundy's adaptation of Octave Mirbeau's play. At the top is Mr. Tree as Mr. Tree.—(Burford and Ellis and Walery.)

AUSTRALIANS AT LORD'S YESTERDAY.



Mr. P. F. Warner, who went in to bat with Mr. C. B. Fry, and made a splendid score in fine style.

BRENTFORD'S NAVVY POLITICIAN.



George Haley defeated Dr. Dean in a district council election. At the top is a portrait of the defeated physician. The other photograph shows the district councillor "navvying."

WELSH "KING'S" BIRTHDAY.



The "King" of Bardsey Island, Carnarvon, who when he is not acting as king is a fisherman. The office of king is hereditary. He has just celebrated his fifty-seventh birthday. His kingdom is two miles long and half a mile broad.

TOKIO EXPECTS NAVAL BATTLE.

Russian Battleships Sighted
Steaming Slowly
Northwards.

IN GOOD TRIM.

Ships Well Supplied, but Admiral
Said To Be Paralysed.

Now that the Baltic Fleet has once more left
Honkobe Tokio is eagerly awaiting news of a
battle.

It is believed that the Russian ships have abun-
dant coal and stores, and are in good condition,
for battle.

There is no doubt that the junction of the Third
Squadron with the main body of the fleet has been
effected, the date of the meeting being given as
May 8.

The French papers once more publish detailed
accounts of Admiral Rojestvensky's illness. It is
stated that he has fallen a victim to general
paralysis.

Several of his torpedo-boats, says an Exchange
message from St. Petersburg, have returned to
Libau badly damaged.

NORTHWARD BOUND.

Forty-two Russian Ships Seen on the Cochin
China Coast.

SINGAPORE, Thursday.—The steamer Segovia
reports that she passed a fleet of forty-two Russian
vessels off Cape Varella on Monday afternoon. The
vessels were steaming slowly north.

The steamer Hongwan, which has also arrived
here, passed the Russian fleet at 4 a.m. on Tuesday.
The vessels were in latitude 13deg., 30min. north,
longitude 111deg. 30min. east.

A small scouting vessel from the Russian
squadron steamed up to the Hongwan and threw
her searchlight on her to discover her character.

Cape Varella is on the coast of Cochin China, and
is a favourite port of safety for Eastern shipping
during the typhoon season.

GENERAL PARALYSIS.

Terrible Complaint Overtakes Admiral
Rojestvensky.

PARIS, Thursday.—According to a St. Petersburg
telegram, the Admiralty there pretend that they
know nothing concerning the report that Admiral
Rojestvensky has asked to be allowed to resign his
command on account of ill-health, and would be
replaced by Admiral Birleff.

The "Echo de Paris," however, states that they
are able to announce that Admiral Rojestvensky
has telegraphed to the Admiralty that his health
is very bad, and asking to be replaced at once.

In the Red Sea Admiral Rojestvensky suffered
seriously from dysentery, but at present he is in the
greater danger of being threatened with general
paralysis.

"The news is denied, but," says the "Echo de
Paris," "we have received the information from a
source that we cannot doubt as to its authenticity."
—Exchange.

PRAYING FOR TOGO.

Russian Revolutionaries Desire Destruction of
Their Own Fleet.

A Central News telegram from Odessa says that
the latest proclamation of the Social Democratic
Revolutionaries, issued in tens of thousands, is of
remarkable tenor.

It warns the people that there is, unhappily, an
increasingly greater chance of victory, an eventual-
ity which would give temporarily, at least, a
renewed lease of life and oppressive power to the
autocracy and bureaucracy.

"Every Liberal and patriotic Russian," the pro-
clamation proceeds, "must hope and pray for the
destruction of the Russian fleet, but if that does not
take place then it will behoove the people at once
to raise the standard of open and relentless revolution
against the intolerable regime."

AN AMBITIOUS CLIMB.

The lofty enterprise of climbing Mount Everest,
the highest peak in the world, has been undertaken
by Dr. Jacot-Guillermot, the well-known Swiss
Alpinist, and a party of friends and guides.

MR. BALFOUR AND THE UNEMPLOYED.

Premier Unmoved by Proposed
March on London.

AMUSING "HECKLING."

"It is only force which carries measures like the
Unemployed Bill through this House."

In tones of unaccustomed vehemence, Mr. Keir
Hardie, the leader of the Independent Labour
Party, delivered himself of this very significant
speech in the Commons yesterday.

The hon. member was asking the Prime Minister
what prospect there was of passing the Unemployed
Bill, and had suggested the probability of hundreds
of men marching to London from the provinces to
hasten the action of the Government.

"The arrangements of this House," said the
Premier firmly, "will not be modified one way or
another by any external considerations."

"I have every desire and expectation of seeing
the Bill pass into law this session."

It was then Mr. Hardie made the remark quoted
above.

"I take an exactly opposite view," said the Prime
Minister, turning sharply towards Mr. Hardie.

NOT FORCE BUT REASON.

"It is not force which carries any measure
through this House."

"It is, I hope, a reasonable and cautious public
opinion on any such demonstrations of force as
the honourable member describes are inimical to
the prospects of the Bill."

"There's no more force about this than there
was about the Brewers Bill," muttered Mr. Will
Crooks.

"I don't think," said Mr. Balfour, smiling at the
Woolwich member, "the brewers came marching
up to London."

The House shook with laughter.
Sir George Bartley's suggestion that the Bill
should be withdrawn, raised a storm of protest.

"Sorr," said Mr. Flavin, "I think the Prime
Minister ought to persuade these poor people to
withdraw their pennies from the hon. baronet's
bank."

Sir George rose to make a rejoinder, but his voice
was lost amid roars of Irish merriment.

DIARY OF AN M.P.

Truce for the Session Between Mr. Balfour
and Mr. Chamberlain.

HOUSE OF COMMONS LIBRARY, Thursday Night.
The various interviews which have taken place
between Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain respect-
ing an understanding on the fiscal question have
now been concluded, and members in the Lobby
seem to take it for granted that the outcome is
eminently satisfactory from the Government point
of view, and that a truce has been arranged, at
any rate, until the end of the session.

As a result of this report, everyone seems now
to take the view that the Government will have
little or no difficulty in getting through their legis-
lative work by the usual time, and that the House
will rise peacefully about the middle of August.

Efforts will be made also to induce the Chan-
cellor of the Exchequer to favourably consider the
introduction of a graduated income-tax, but from
what I hear there is little prospect of anything
being done in this direction.

DIED FOR SCIENCE.

English Martyr to Brave Research Into the
Dark Secrets of Tropical Disease.

The "blood tribute" of Empire, to which Mr.
Chamberlain referred in a recent eloquent speech,
has once more been exacted by ruthless discov-
ery. Great regret has been caused in Liverpool by
the news from the Congo confirming the death of Dr.
Dutton, of the Congo Expedition of the Liverpool
School of Tropical Medicine, on February 27.

Dr. Dutton, says Reuter, succumbed to his high
sense of duty, for his death was the direct result of
overwork. He persisted in working during a severe
convalescence from a severe attack of spirit fever,
which the expedition was at the time closely investi-
gating.

He was suddenly taken ill, and, after four days
of unconsciousness, died in the presence of Dr.
Todd and Dr. Heiburg, the other members of the
expedition.

M.P. SEIZED WITH APOPLEXY.

Mr. O'Doherty, M.P. for North Donegal, was
suddenly taken ill in his place in the House of
Commons yesterday, and helped into the Lobby.

It was then apparent that he was suffering from
apoplexy, and Dr. Ambrose, a fellow-member,
ordered his immediate removal to Westminster Hos-
pital, where he was last evening in a serious con-
dition.

RAGGING IN THE NAVY

Angry Parents Withdraw Their Lad
from the Service.

An astounding example of "ragging" in the
Navy was under discussion in the House of Com-
mons yesterday.

Mr. Swift MacNeill asked the Secretary to the
Admiralty whether he had any statement to make
with reference to the case of a midshipman on his
Majesty's ship Kent, who, having been sentenced
by a mock trial to be flogged, defended himself
with a revolver.

He also wished to know whether the commander
of his Majesty's ship Kent, or the other officers on
board, were aware of the treatment of this mid-
shipman, and what steps were taken to protect
him, was flogging with the flat of a dirk the usual
penalty inflicted by these mock court-martials? Did
the Admiralty authorities intend to take steps to put
an end to such treatment on the King's ships? were
other inquiries.

Mr. Pretyman said that in September, 1903, it
came to the knowledge of the Admiralty that in a
ship in the Channel Fleet there was the practice of
private punishment in the gunroom.

During the intervening eighteen months nothing
occurred until a midshipman on board the Kent
who was about to receive a caning fired a revolver.
The Admiralty, on hearing of the occurrence,
directed the Rear-Admiral to hold an inquiry, and
it was decided to supersede the captain of the Kent
and place him on half-pay.

Mr. MacNeill asked what had become of the boy.
Mr. Pretyman said the boy had been withdrawn
from the service by his parents.

KING AT ALDERSHOT.

Empire Day Inspection of Troops Working in
the Field.

On Empire Day—May 24—the King will visit
Aldershot to inspect troops at work in the field.
Operations in which all arms of the service will
take part are being arranged for Frensham and
Handley Commons.

The King will lunch in a marquee pitched near
the Frensham Great Pond, and the generals have
been invited to lunch with him.

In the afternoon his Majesty will unveil a me-
morial to the officers of the R.A.M.C. who fell in
South Africa. Afterwards he will visit the hospital, returning to Windsor by
motor-car in the evening.

Yesterday his Majesty left Newmarket by the
4.10 special train, arriving at St. Pancras at five
minutes past six.

DEVONSHIRE MYSTERY.

London Lady Visitor Goes Sight-Seeing, and
Is Missing.

The murder of the lady artist at Hatherleigh, in
Devonshire, and suicide of the man charged with
the crime, has been followed by another strange
incident in the neighbourhood.

It is said that a lady visitor came on Saturday
last from London to Okehampton, where she took
apartments.

She left the house on Wednesday morning, and
nothing has been seen of her since.

On the previous night she inquired the way to
Belstone, some three miles from Okehampton, and
to Cranmere Pool, a noted spot, where a number
of the Devonshire rivers have their source.

The next morning the lady departed ostensibly
to go to Cranmere Pool.

The funeral of Miss Breton, the lady artist, took
place yesterday.

CROSS-OCEAN RACE.

Atlantic Holds a Good Lead, but Other
Yachts Doing Well.

New York, Thursday.—The "Evening Journal"
states that three hours after the start of the
race for the German Emperor's cup the Atlantic
was leading, with Ailsa over a mile behind.

The latter boat was closely pursued by the Ham-
burg, which was footing splendidly. Fleur-de-Lys
and Endymion were on even terms. Hildegarde was
doing badly. Thistle, Utowana, Apache, Sunbeam,
and Valhalla brought up the rear.

The schooners were pointing higher, and had
left the latter group of boats, such as Apache,
Valhalla, and Sunbeam, almost hull down before
sunset yesterday evening.—Reuter.

ARCTIC CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

WASHINGTON, Thursday.—A number of citizens
of Washington have inaugurated a project to test
Dr. Sohon's theory that a sojourn in the Arctic
regions will cure consumption.

The steamer Havana has been chartered, and will
sail from Halifax on June 15 with a number of con-
sumptive patients on board to cruise along the
central coast of Greenland, returning about Sep-
tember 30.—Luffan.

HOTTEST DAY OF THE YEAR.

Chilly Wind Tempers Effect of 71
in the Shade.

RAINLESS WEEK.

Yesterday was the hottest day of the year so far,
though, as hot days go, it could not be considered
sultry. The sun's rays were tempered by a cool
wind.

The thermometer, which, as early as 8 a.m.,
stood at 70 in the shade, had climbed by two o'clock
to 71, as against 63 on the same day of last year.

This does not constitute a record, for, on May 16
last year, the point reached was 73, while, by the
26th, 78, the record for the month, had been
attained.

The weather prophets of Victoria-street predict
that it will be "rather warm" for at least the next
twenty-four hours, and there are no present
indications of a change in the near future.

The merchants of ice and gingerbeer did a
brisk trade—four were stationed on the Embank-
ment twenty yards apart—and the "ice-cream soda
fountains" and American bars were well patronised.

Panamas and straw hats made a goodly show,
but for the most part frock coats and silk hats still
survived among City folk, and policemen sweltered
in winter tunics. There was a noticeable absence
of sunshades among the ladies.

REVIVAL OF PARASOLS.

But "that window will be empty in a couple
of days; if we go on at the same rate as at present,"
said one of the principal hatters in London, in-
dicating a show of Panamas representing more
than 2100.

"White bowlers, too," he went on, "cannot be
made fast enough. And we have sold more than
twice as many straw hats in the last ten days as
during the whole of the spring."

"It is a parasol year," said the managers of a
West End warehouse, displaying her choicest
examples. "People are beginning to understand
the early summer."

This remark was borne out at the hospitals.
"No heat-apoplexies or strokes," was the reply
wherever the question was put. Yet a year ago
May had its roll of heat-victims before this date.

The only accident due to the weather was a
peculiar one. A man, crossing the road at the
Bank about two o'clock, was momentarily
blinded by the sun's reflection flashed back from a
window, and ran against the wheel of a hansom.

The Registrar-General reports that the record
taken at Greenwich shows the duration of bright
sunshine in the week ending Saturday last was
35.5 hours, no rain being measured for the period.

DAY OF FIRES.

Alarming Outbreaks in Three of London's
Busiest Districts.

In each of three central districts of London, West-
minster, Finsbury, and Oxford-street alarming fires
occurred yesterday morning during business hours.

The first was on the premises of Messrs. Sothby
and Co., manufacturing electrical engineers, in
Carey-street, Westminster. The damage is esti-
mated at £3,000.

A salvage corps wagon coming from Watling-
street overtook at the corner of St. Stephen's
Church. The four occupants were thrown out, but
all escaped with nothing worse than a severe
shaking.

Sparks from a passing traction-engine falling on
to a thatched roof caused the destruction of the
Hercules Inn, at Newport, Essex, yesterday after-
noon.

In less than fifteen minutes fire destroyed the
whole of the raw material in the rope-works of
Messrs. Coates at Old Lenton, near Nottingham,
yesterday morning. A hundred persons are con-
sequently out of employment.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

Seven tugs yesterday successfully refloated the
Cunard liner Caronia, which ran ashore in a fog
off Sandy Hook on Wednesday.

Mr. J. D. Rockefeller is reported to be about
to establish a fund of £2,000,000 for the benefit of
superannuated ministers and missionaries.

Queen Alexandra and the other members of the
Royal Family crossed over from Gibraltar to
Algeiras, on Spanish soil, yesterday.

Jealous of his young and pretty wife, a German
workman named Muhlfriedel blinded her with vitriol
while she slept. At Plauen he was sentenced to
eight years' imprisonment.

Seventeen convicts undergoing various sentences
at Barcelona for anarchist offences have been re-
leased as a mark of royal clemency on the occasion
of King Alfonso's birthday.

STRUGGLE FOR LIFE BELOW GROUND.

Brave Lighterman Rescues Two
Strangers from Sewer Death.

MAN MISSING.

Deadly sewer-gas killed one workman and imperilled two others beneath Albion-street, Rotherhithe, yesterday. The two who escaped owe their lives to a brave young fellow of twenty-four, a lighterman named Thomas Bassett, without whose heroic persistence one would certainly have been suffocated. He was an utter stranger to them.

About a quarter to nine in the morning the district foreman opened the manhole in Albion-street and sent down his three assistants to make the usual inspection. The three men were William Freak, Isaac Murfit, and Thomas Follett.

Ten minutes later the foreman heard a shout from below. He instantly called for help, and Bassett, who was on his way to work, ran to his assistance.

Descending the iron ladder Bassett and the foreman found Murfit lying exhausted, and brought him to the surface, where he fainted.

Bassett, already suffering from the effects of the sewer-gas, obtained a rope from the Little Crown public-house close by, and, accompanied by William Stanton, the licensee, descended again.

Barely Able to Crawl Out.

Bassett found the second man, Follett, some distance along the sewer, and brought him up unconscious. Then he again went down to look for Freak, but in vain. He was barely able to crawl out.

At once he sent off a youth on a bicycle to the nearest fire brigade station, and in a few minutes firemen were on the spot. Bearing lanterns and wearing their smoke-helmets, they searched the sewer vainly for hundreds of yards. Not till just two o'clock was the search reluctantly abandoned, and only then because the rush of water compelled.

All hope of saving Freak alive had, however, been abandoned. The searchers' theory is that, overcome by the gas, he fell into the water, which was here running swiftly at 2 ft. to 3 ft. deep. His body would have been borne to the main sewer, and then to the Crossness pumping station at Belvedere, below Plumstead, where it would be stopped by a grating. Freak leaves a wife and five children.

Stories of the Survivors.

As soon as the elder of the two survivors, Isaac Murfit, was sufficiently recovered to talk, he said: "My two mates and I went down just as usual. Except that the water was a bit higher than ordinary we did not notice anything particular till we had got about a hundred yards. Then we felt our eyes beginning to sting, and our breathing got bad.

"I said, 'We'd better get out of this, mates.' So we all turned back. Before I got to the manhole steps I felt myself going, and began to shout. Then I got dizzy, and I knew nothing more till I found myself on top. This is usually reckoned a pretty bad spot for gas, but it was worse than ever this morning.

"When we turned to come back we were all together. I heard my mates following me till I got too bad to know anything."

Follett, the other survivor, said: "I had only walked about a dozen yards on the way back when I dropped. I knew no more till I was brought to the surface. I feel queer still."

A Modest Hero.

The *Daily Mirror* found Bassett with great difficulty. He is of a modest and retiring disposition, and made very little of his heroic conduct, scarcely submitting to be photographed. "The gas was pretty bad," was all he said.

He showed the *Daily Mirror* some money from his pocket which had been quite discoloured by the fumes. The silver coins were black and the pennies the colour of tin. His clothes were badly damaged.

Some of Bassett's friends told how a couple of years ago he rescued a child from drowning in the Thames, having to swim over 100 yards.

ROYAL GIFT TO STATION-MASTER.

Mr. Weston, who has been appointed station-master at Great Yarmouth, has received a valuable diamond pin from the King. It was presented personally at Six Mile Bottom Station, where Mr. Weston attended by command. Formerly he was employed in the office of the superintendent of the Great Eastern Railway, and made the arrangements for royal journeys on that system.

GAOL FOR VIOLENT COUNCILLOR.

A Swindon town councillor named Preston was yesterday sent to prison for a week by the Judge of the Bristol County Court. He had been unsuccessful in an action against his brother-in-law, whom he afterwards assaulted in court.

DRINKING WOMEN.

Bishop Makes an Impassioned Attack on
Feminine Intemperance.

Preaching to a very large gathering of members of the Mothers' Union at St. Paul's Cathedral, the Bishop of Croydon made a stirring appeal against "the growing intemperance among women."

"It is not confined to the poorer section of the community," he said. "On the authority of the report of the Royal Commission, within the last thirty years the deaths from alcoholic poisoning among women have increased by 30 per cent. 'The women of England have learnt the lesson of intemperance all too diligently from the men of England.'

"Is the foundation of our national life to be poisoned at its very source? Are our children to be cursed with this deadliest heritage of woe?"

MASKED ASSASSINS CHEERFUL

Whistle and Sing Songs While Awaiting the
Law's Vengeance.

With all the bravado customary in hardened criminals the brothers Stratton, who were condemned to death for the masked murders at Deptford, are assuming an air of hilarity in the condemned cells at Wandsworth Gaol.

Relatives who visited them yesterday found them quite cheerful, in good health, and quite unconcerned as to their awaiting fate.

It is said that every day they pace their cells, whistling and singing snatches of popular songs. They, however, are well-behaved, treat the chaplain respectfully and talk freely to the governor, who visits them every morning.

Since the time of Fowler and Milson, the Muswell Hill murderers, there have been no culprits who have viewed the prospect of the gallows with such callousness.

MICROBES AS DEVILS.

M.P. Suggests Disease May Be Due to Agency
of Evil Spirits.

There was nothing in modern science, Mr. Compton Rickett, M.P., told a Free Church Council meeting at Leeds, to prevent belief in the presence of evil spirits.

Science showed us hosts of disease microbes constantly attacking the bodies of men, setting up diseases or being slaughtered by the guardians of bodily health. Was it the Divine plan that disease should tax our strength, imperil our power, and finally drive us out of the world? It could not be that suffering was born of God.

He was not going into the mysteries of faith-healing, but in these days of suggestions of telepathy who was to say how closely the body was affected by things spiritual, and to what extent bodily diseases were the result of the intervention of malevolent, mental, and spiritual beings?

SUMMER DISTRESS.

Tragedies of the Workless Continue While
the Sun Shines.

The terrible problem of the want of employment came up in an acute form at the Shore-ditch County Court yesterday.

One man, appealing against an order of committal for ten days, said he had not done any work since last July.

His Honour: It has been a struggle to live, I suppose?

Defendant: God knows how I have done it all. His Honour: I cannot very well make an order in such a case.

Another man sued said: "I have pawned everything in the place bar the bed, and that I started on this morning by pawning the pillows to get food for the kids."

His Honour: How many children have you?

Defendant: Four young ones.

His Honour: No order.

TOO FINE FOR SUICIDE.

Mr. Plowden has a common-sense way of dealing with people who conceive the insane idea that they should destroy their own life.

To one man charged at Marylebone yesterday with attempted suicide he said: "Do you want to die on yourself now? It's a fine day."

"If I can get work I wouldn't," replied the man. "Well, get work if you can, but don't drown yourself this weather. Go away."

PNEUMATIC POST.

As principal witness at yesterday's brief sitting of the Committee of the House of Commons which is considering the Metropolitan Pneumatic Dispatch Bill, Sir John Wolfe-Barry asserted that the scheme would be of great public utility, while the necessary tubes could be laid under the streets with little public inconvenience.

SCRAMBLE FOR GOLD.

How Guineaes Were Thrown in
Handfuls to Boys.

"ONE PURPLE MOMENT."

The unusual event of an inquest on treasure-trove took place at Westminster yesterday, the subject being the coins recently found on the estate of Sir Walter Phillimore at Kensington.

The coroner had before him sixty-seven gold coins, twenty-four silver coins, and two bronze coins, representing the amount of treasure which had been recovered.

Among the coins were twenty-three spade guineas, nine spade half-guineas, and ten one-third of guinea pieces, all of the reign of George III.

Harry Mayhew, the carman who discovered the treasure, related how he turned up some yellow coins in a shovelful of earth. He thought they were "old coins," and put a handful in a sack. Other men picked up heaps of them.

When he showed his coins to Mr. Oliver, the foreman, that gentleman said:

"You had better take them home; they are no good. Make a check rein of them."

"Oliver gave them back to me," continued Mayhew, "and I scrambled a good handful among the boys who were playing about."

Bought As Old Gold.

The Coroner: Well, you had one purple moment in your life—a sackful of coins and scrambling them among boys. What did you do with the balance?

"I took them home, and afterwards handed them over to the police."

Frederick Wells, a jeweller, told how a man brought him some coins to be tested, and how he bought seventeen of them for £12 as old gold.

The same day he sold some twenty-seven or thirty of the coins for £20 to a travelling dealer, whose name he did not know.

The Coroner: This is the part of the case we must follow up. I think the witness had better go with a police officer to his house and bring back the counterfoil, the paying-in book, the pass-book, and we may as well summon the publican. It is important that this should be done. This witness would tell nothing, and so we have had to compel him to come here and give evidence on oath.

The witness accordingly went away, accompanied by an officer.

A Jeweller's Transactions.

The next witness was a coalman, who had sold three gold coins for two shillings.

He produced his receipt to Messrs. Spink, of Piccadilly, deposed that he had bought a number of spade guineas at 23s. each. The vendor gave his name and address as Allen, 1a, Victoria-road, Fulham.

Another witness described how he threw the coins at people, who promptly threw them back.

At this stage order and cautioned by the coroner, the jeweller, who was recalled and examined by the coroner. He produced his books, and admitted that he had paid £4 to a Kensington publican for a lot of coins.

The books of this witness were left in the possession of the Crown officials, and the inquiry was adjourned.

STRIKE OF CABDRIVERS.

Edinburgh Jarveys Fear Increased Fares Will
Mean Regime of "No Tips."

The Edinburgh cabdrivers, who number about one thousand, are trembling on the brink of a strike.

Their chief grievance is that new fares are to be introduced. The 1s. charge for three or four persons is to be raised to 1s. 6d., and extra fees are to be charged for such things as bicycles, perambulators, and sewing-machines.

The fear of the cabdrivers is that this will mean a disastrous diminution in tips, and that, in addition, they will have to become amateur porters.

Whilst they are ventilating their woes, they have also something to say of the fare who drives up to a public-house, enters by one door, and escapes by another, having quite forgotten to pay his fare.

RAILWAY PROFITS £42,000,000.

Passenger traffic receipts on the railways of the United Kingdom for 1904, says a Parliamentary White-paper, were £45,380,000, those from goods £55,396,000, steamboat, etc., receipts, make the grand total £111,828,000. Working expenses were £69,489,000, so the net receipts were £42,639,000.

READING MAN'S SAD DEATH.

The man drowned from the steamer *Le Nord* between Dover and Calais on Sunday was Mr. W. L. Walker, registrar of births, marriages, and deaths at Reading. Mr. Walker, who was on a holiday, had been worried by financial matters.

EARL'S STOLEN JEWELS.

Robbery Outside Lord Chesterfield's
House—Man in Custody.

A sequel to the theft of the Earl of Chesterfield's jewels was heard at Marlborough-street Police Court yesterday, when James Cottrell, forty-six, dealer, Cloudeley-road, Islington, was charged, before Mr. Kennedy, with stealing the Earl's pig-skin dressing-case, containing jewels worth about £350.

Thomas Dyball, valet to his lordship, told how, on the night of May 6, he took the jewellery in question in a dressing-bag from Paddington to Grosvenor-square, but he left the bag in the cab, and on his returning to the vehicle the bag had disappeared. It was a dark, rainy night, and he could not recognise anyone that he might have seen about. The ring produced was part of one of the stolen links.

After evidence by Detective-Inspector Drew as to prisoner's explanation, the accused was remanded.

AMBUSH THAT FAILED.

Professor of Passover Cakes Loses a Curious
Action for Assault.

Light on some curious Bethnal Green customs was shed during the hearing of a case before Mr. Justice Phillimore yesterday.

The plaintiff was a Mr. Mark Moss, who is by profession a baker of Passover cakes.

Mr. Moss alleged that he, while lying prone in the street, was kicked in the ankle by Mr. Frederick Newman, who is the proprietor of a public-house in the Bethnal Green-road. For the injury inflicted he claimed damages.

Mr. Newman, on the other hand, declared that the injured ankle was Mr. Moss's own fault. That, in fact, Mr. Moss had lain in wait at midnight at a street corner in the Bethnal Green-road, supported by two companions, with the intention of performing on him, Mr. Newman, the operation known in Bethnal Green as "putting him through it."

It was due to the fact that Mr. Newman was accompanied by a large friend, who hit out right and left when Mr. Moss and his friends made their rush—so Mr. Newman contended—that the operation was not successful, and recoiled on its would-be perpetrators.

Verdict for defendant.

"SHAKESPEARE v. SHAW."

Skit Which Enabled Well-Known Entertainers
To Play the Fool.

A number of the most prominent of our actors and actresses engaged themselves very much at the H. B. Conway Benefit at the Haymarket Theatre yesterday.

The last piece on the long programme was a skit called "Shakespeare v. Shaw," a trial, presided over by Mr. James Welch as Judge, concerning the respective merits of these two popular dramatists.

As many well-known performers as could be crowded on to the stage played the fool to their hearts' content. Mr. Cyril Maude as Shakespeare was about the funniest, with a habit of breaking out constantly into familiar speeches and using bad language, which he instantly justified by reference to his plays.

Miss Annie Hughes, who got up the benefit, appeared, for some reason which she kept to herself, as a flower-girl. The best acting was that of Mr. Charles Allan as Sir Edward Clarke.

Much of the fun was too "professional" for a mixed audience. The crowded house laughed a good deal, but it did not enjoy the performance half as much as the performers themselves did.

£2,400 FOR TWO PEARLS.

High Prices Rule at Yesterday's Sales of
Jewels and China.

Dealers were busy yesterday, attention being divided between the Huth sale at Christie's and a large sale of the jewels of a titled lady by Debenham, Storr, and Sons.

Prices at the Huth sale were high, and something like £18,000 was realised. The highest price—£1,942 10s.—was given for a pair of mandarin jars.

The whole collection of jewels was bought by dealers, about £25,000 being realised in all. Two large heart-shaped pearls mounted as earrings brought £2,400, and a brooch of six large brilliants, surrounded by smaller stones, went for £1,250.

OVER £1,000 A WORD.

In a will consisting of less than 200 words, the late Mr. George Merrill, J.P., of Haworth, near Keighley, a well-known wool-pen manufacturer, disposed of his property of £207,020.

This fortune he left to his wife absolutely.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND AND DIVORCE.

London Vicar Pleads for the "Poor
Speckled Birds."

VIGOROUS DEBATE.

Conference Decides Against Remarriage of
Divorced Persons.

Divorced persons ought not to be permitted to go through the marriage ceremony again at any Church of England altar during the lifetime of any party to the divorce. And the law should be so amended as to give effect to this.

Such was the conclusion arrived at yesterday by the London Diocesan Conference after an impassioned debate on what the Bishop of London has called "one of the burning questions for the Church of England." During the discussion the phrase "speckled bird" was applied by a speaker to a good wife who divorced a bad husband.

The first resolution before the conference contained a parenthetical clause which was ultimately dropped. It was to the effect that an exception should be made in remarriages having the consent of the bishop of the diocese, owing to the fact that the party seeking to marry again had obtained a divorce on account of the misconduct of husband or wife.

The conference would have none of this distinction, and rejected it by a majority of 169 to 71 votes. This meant that persons under the marriage tie, in innocence or guilt, should forfeit the privilege of going to the altar again.

The resolution, as finally adopted, was as follows:—
That the English marriage law ought to be so amended as to preclude the remarriage in church of any party to a divorce during the lifetime of the other party.

Innocent Bride of Eighteen.

The revolutionary proposal met with vigorous opposition from several speakers.

Citing the case of a young bride of eighteen, the Rev. G. R. Thornton, vicar of St. Barnabas, Kensington, said: "She was forced into marrying at this early age a wealthy suitor. He had good birth to recommend him—more shame to him—and money; but he was a man of the lowest possible moral perception."

"After his marriage he proved himself a monster of iniquity, and the law mercifully liberated her from the man."

"Is it conceivable," he asked, "that this woman, still young, and as innocent as regards moral guilt as on the bridal morn, is to be urged to remain single, waiting for the repentance of her husband? Against this man, who is neither Christian nor citizen, let the church doors be barred; but is this young woman to be told that any fresh marriage must be entered into at a registry office, with possibly a service of benediction at church afterwards—"No, no,"—and a possible permission, as a poor, speckled bird, to attend the Holy Sacrament? (Applause.)"

This case for charity was quickly assailed by Canon Pennefather.

Suppose, said he, that the wealthy suitor referred to had for some offence been committed to prison for life, does Mr. Thornton propose that that young bride, in all her innocence, is then to seek for re-marriage? I suggest. The great majority of women would bear their sorrow to their graves, and nothing would persuade them again to go to the altar.

The world would never respect the Church unless the Church stood true against this, one of the greatest social evils of the day.

Marriage Not a Sacrament.

The Rev. Prebendary Villiers remarked that he was at present in touch with one of the most terrible and scandalous cases in regard to this matter of remarriage of the guilty party, for which the confusion existing on this subject was, he believed, largely responsible.

The Rev. George Martin deprecated the danger of the Church inflicting a wrong on injured innocents. (Applause.)

As to the statement that marriage was a sacrament of the Church, he believed that to be utterly false and to have no foundation in the Prayer-book. ("No, no," and applause.)

Prebendary Webb-Peploe also said marriage was distinctly not a sacrament of the Church, and no straightforward and well-informed Churchman would venture to affirm it with the Prayer-book in his hand. (Applause.)

On being put to the vote it was decided, as above indicated, by a majority of more than two to one, that the remarriage of divorced people should not be sanctioned in the Church in any circumstances, so long as the previous husband or wife lived.

"I have no doubt it is a most deserving case," said the Lambeth magistrate in discharging Henry Bustard, charged with begging. Bustard is dumb and paralysed as a result of falling through a plate-glass window at the Coronation.

LADY GAMBLER

Pleads the Gaming Act, but Does
Not Succeed.

A lady who was described as having "dabbled in turf matters," figured as a defendant in the Marylebone County Court yesterday.

This was Mrs. Sarah E. Maclaren, of 58, Lancaster Gate, who was sued for £10, balance of accounts, by Messrs. Portman and Co., turf commission agents, of John-street, Adelphi.

The lady pleaded the Gaming Act. She stated that she wired to Messrs. Portman to back horses and this dispute was brought about by the firm's own action in writing to her for payment after she had asked them not to.

There was, she said, no question of commission. Mr. Scarborough lived in the same building as herself, and he had said he would telephone tips to her if she would settle this case.

Mr. Scarborough produced the firm's books, showing defendant's bets were placed with one George Steed, another commission agent.

He charged no commission on the account because it was done in a friendly way. He had known Mrs. Maclaren more than a month when the account was opened, and he took bets up to half-an-hour before a race, but placed them elsewhere by telephone. These were not bets direct with Mrs. Maclaren.

Ultimately judgment was entered for Messrs. Portman with costs against the lady's separate estate.

MATRIMONIAL TANGLE.

"Unreasonable Suit" Founded on American
Divorce Law.

A singular marriage problem was solved in the Dover County Court yesterday.

Mr. Thomas Bater, a Liverpool cattle-dealer, wishing to have his marriage cancelled, based his suit upon the alleged insufficiency of the American divorce law.

His wife was formerly a Mrs. Lowe, but she was divorced by the New York court. Mr. Bater was the co-respondent in the case. He afterwards married the lady.

Now, he asserted that the divorce proceedings in New York had no valid effect.

The president, however, decided against Mr. Bater, and characterised his suit as unreasonable.

"I must find that for the purposes of the American decree the parties were domiciled in America. The American decree was therefore valid."

"I do not think that Mr. Bater has a right to get this action, in which he was a party, invalidated after all these years."

BADGE OF COURAGE.

Plucky Man Who Married a Widow with
Twenty Children.

The Dover County Court Judge congratulated a man, against whom he was asked to issue a summons.

The creditor urged that the debtor was reputed to have married a wealthy widow.

"How many children has he?" inquired the Judge.

"Twenty," replied the applicant, amidst laughter.

"How many are his own?" asked the Judge, and received the reply, "None of them; he married the widow with twenty children."

This disclosure led the Judge to comment admiringly on the man's pluck.

DEATH THE PEACEMAKER.

Pathetic Incident Puts an End to Prosecution
Against Mother.

There was a pathetic little scene in Brentford Police Court yesterday when a Twickenham woman was summoned for assaulting a young man whom she had never seen before.

The man having told his story, the woman, without stating her defence, said: "Sir, my son is lying at the point of death, and I can hardly dare to hope that I shall find him alive when I reach home."

The Chairman glanced inquiringly at the complainant, who nodded her head, and expressed his willingness to forgive and forget in the presence of death.

NOBLEMAN'S DIVORCE ACTION.

The Earl of Stair yesterday commenced in the Edinburgh Court of Session an action for divorce from his wife, Susan Harriet Countess of Stair, Sir Neil James Menzies, Bart., of Castle Menzies, Perthshire, being cited as co-respondent.

The suit follows on an action for desertion brought by the Countess against the Earl, which is still pending an appeal.

ARTIFICIAL EGGS.

American Specimens That Might Even
Deceive a Judge.

As the late lamented Dan Leno used to quaintly remark, "There are eggs—and eggs."

America is responsible for quite a novel trade in this direction, if statements made in the South-wark County Court are to be credited.

In the course of an egg dispute yesterday, Judge Addison, K.C., remarked that evidence had been given in a similar case at that court that eggs remained "good," to use a trade term, for twelve months.

Mr. Profumo, one of the counsel engaged, said he had been told that in America eggs were now made by artificial means.

Judge Addison: What! Do they have artificial cocks and hens?

Mr. Profumo: No, sir, not quite that yet. I understand that they manufacture eggs from some chemical ingredients, salt included, and I am told that even your Honour might be deceived if you ate one.

His Honour: There can be no deceit about a bad egg.

THE GIDDY CHAUFFEUR.

His Life a Shower of Gold Varied by
Motor Parties.

Before his Honour Judge Smyly, K.C., in the Shoreditch County Court yesterday, a chauffeur was summoned on a judgment order for £8, which he had been ordered to pay at £3 a month.

His Honour: What are his means now?

Plaintiff: Unlimited.

His Honour: That's nice for him. Is it so good as that?

Plaintiff: Now's his harvest. He does just as he likes. He repairs motor-cars—or, rather, employs a staff to do it—while he goes out, if he thinks he will, with a party.

His Honour: Very well. I will commit him for ten days if he does not pay, and then perhaps his next party will be different company.

SLAVE TO DRUGS.

Specialist's Wife Commits a Theft Under the
Influence of a Narcotic.

Mrs. Letitia Bentley, who was declared to be the wife of a very distinguished Cairo physician, was committed for trial at Marlborough-street yesterday on a charge of theft of a diamond ring.

According to the evidence she was looking at some rings in the shop of Messrs. Jay, Attenuborough and Co. in Oxford-street, and when the shop assistant's attention was diverted she took one of them.

She was followed into the street, and when told that she was wanted exclaimed: "Don't, for God's sake! I'll give it to you."

Medical evidence showed that Mrs. Bentley was a slave to the chlorodyne habit, and was under the influence of the drug on the day when the ring was missed.

Dr. Whitaker, a specialist in the action of drugs, deposed that under the influence of chlorodyne Mrs. Bentley might have acted as she did without any intent to steal.

WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR.

Man Who Has Once Fallen Finds It Hard
To Obtain Work.

Released from prison, Henry Richards obtained employment from the Church Army.

He relinquished this, as the earnings were not sufficient to keep his wife and five children.

He failed to find other employment, however, and used a Church Army collecting-card to obtain 5s. 4d., which he appropriated himself.

He appeared at Newington yesterday to answer for the fraud, when it was stated that at the age of twenty-two he was sentenced to five years' imprisonment for stealing a letter.

He pleaded that he had tried hard to obtain work, a statement which the police confirmed.

There was no work to be got by a man without reference, he said. A sentence of six months' imprisonment was inflicted.

MIXED METAPHOR.

A well-known counsel was in the midst of a per-fervid peroration in Mr. Justice Darling's court yesterday.

"Is it conceivable," he asked, "that the defendants have dropped their case, to use a vulgarism, like a red-hot potato?"

"I beg your pardon," he added, as laughter rang through the dim court, "I mean like a red-hot poker."

HERO OF THE 'ASHES' IN GRAND FORM.

Warner, Favoured by Luck, Plays
Brilliantly Against the
Australians.

HAYWARD'S CENTURY.

By F. B. WILSON.

(Last year's Cambridge Captain.)

A. C. MacLaren managed to break J. Darling's unbroken spell of luck with the coin yesterday, and naturally elected to bat on a typical Lord's wicket.

The pitch was chosen almost in the middle of the ground, in front of the pavilion, which is very desirable, among other good reasons, because the slope on Lord's is slightly less there than on any other part of the ground.

C. B. Fry and P. F. Warner were elected to represent the Gentlemen at the start, being opposed by Cotter, who had a stiff breeze behind him, at the Nursery end, and Noble.

Runs came at a fair pace from the very beginning, Fry especially seeming in his best form. He batted from the start in his characteristic confident and correct manner, "Just like an essay of Macaulay's," as it was once remarked. He had very bad luck in the way in which he was dismissed.

Fry's Atrocious Luck.

Noble tossed up what was practically a half-volley, and Fry, instead of punching the ball straight back for a single, swivelled his body in the act of driving. He hit the ball clean, and in 999 cases out of 1,000 the stroke would have counted four. Unfortunately, his left foot was in the way, and the ball jumped back into the stumps, costing Fry his wicket just as he appeared to be nicely set.

Taken in conjunction with the fact that Fry has already been run out against the Australians when playing like a book, it would seem that his hard luck against the Colonials intends to dog his footsteps this year as it has before. It is to be hoped that bad luck will have to be content with a back seat.

P. F. Warner opened rather luckily, appearing to be let off at the wicket off Cotter, and again getting an extension of leave at 13, being dropped from a "flyer" in the slips. As his innings progressed, however, he played much better, especially after lunch, his leg-side play being pretty in the extreme. He seemed almost certain to reach the "coveted," when he was bowled by a clipper from Laver, which ripped right up the hill.

Laver Surprises Warner.

Laver, who was bowling well about this time, had been rather employing the leg-stump theory to Warner, and bringing the ball down the hill from the off, so that this particular ball was totally unexpected. This rather changed the aspect of the game, as Beldam had been most stupidly run out, and MacLaren bowled by Cotter.

MacLaren played late and right inside the ball which disturbed his wicket, the ball appearing, if anything, to cringe down the hill. The result was Wynyard and H. K. Foster now became associated, the former making some fine drives. Armstrong, however, somewhat stuck up both batsmen, Captain Wynyard especially rather guessing at leg, and surviving two fairly confident appeals for him before.

Foster was bowled trying to pull a shortish one from Howell round to mid-wicket, the ball keeping rather low. Howell is a very dangerous bowler to play this shot off, as he often comes unexpectedly quick off the pitch.

Armstrong Out of Luck.

Followed Evans, who played Howell confidently but seemed rather cross troubled by the way in which one ball between his bat and legs which could not have been an inch from his wicket. Armstrong was bowling very well, and had hard luck in not having Captain Wynyard stumped off him, Newland failing to gather the ball.

Newland's wicket-keeping on the whole came as a disappointment, though there may be extenuating circumstances. When Armstrong was taken off for McLeod there was no little relief in the pavilion. Wynyard and Evans ran up the score to 245, and then Evans was caught at the wicket off McLeod, thus making six wickets down for the above total.

Captain Wynyard went on playing well for the Gentlemen, and got a most brilliant innings closing for the respectable total of 300.

Hayward scored a grand, if somewhat slow, 100 against Sussex yesterday, and was not finally defeated until he had made 126. With Hayes and Holland also in form, Surrey ran up a very large total, and should be thus early immune from defeat, Sussex look like missing C. B. Fry very badly before 6.30 on Saturday.

F. B. WILSON.

Scores and further details of yesterday's cricket will be found on page 14.

THE KING'S COLT THIRD IN BIG RACE.

Cape Verde Wins the Payne Stakes from Shah Jehan and Carstone.

INTERESTING CONTEST.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

NEWMARKET, Thursday Night.—The final stage of the Second Spring Meeting was determined in delightful weather, the sun shining with great power from an unclouded sky and a health-laden light breeze sweeping across the Heath.

The King, in an open carriage, drove up with customary punctuality before the first race. His Majesty we all thought must have enjoyed his sojourn here. At any rate, the King looked in robust health and in capital spirits—not an incident in the racing escaping his attention.

The chief item on the card was the Payne Stakes, a rich prize, which now only attracted some half-dozen moderate three-year-olds, of whom the best was presumably Sir Edgar Vincent's Shah Jehan, but this silver-tailed son of Persimmon has not improved relatively since his two-year-old days, and, indeed, his display in the Craven Stakes, followed up by an indifferent performance when finishing among the ruck in the Two Thousand

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

Mr. Field intends asking the Secretary of the Board of Trade whether he is aware that the action of certain capitalists of Middlesbrough has resulted in a corner in pig-iron, which is disorganising the iron and other dependent industries throughout the North of England.

H.M.S. Dominion, Britain's newest battleship, is now ready for active service, and a nucleus crew left Sheerness yesterday for Barrow to man her.

Mr. Henry Labouchere, M.P. for Northampton, yesterday stated that there was no truth in the rumour that he will not seek to retain his seat if the general election is not held until next year.

Representatives of the Miners' Federation who met at the Westminster Palace Hotel yesterday to discuss the Workmen's Compensation Bill, mainly devoted their time to the limitation of the amount of compensation.

Strong comment on cyclists was passed by the coroner at Middlewich in the case of a child of ten who was knocked down and killed by a rider. Too much attention, he thought, was now being paid to motor-cars instead of cyclists.

While entering Blyth Harbour yesterday the Gothenburg steamer Magnus, from London, in order to avoid a threatened collision with an outward-bound vessel, ran into and carried away the greater portion of Bishop's Wharf.

In prosecuting Geoffrey Taylor at Preston Sessions yesterday for assault, James Hale admitted that he first threw him into a trout stream. "I only got what I deserved," he added. Sentence of two days' imprisonment was passed upon Taylor.

Love of London induced a workhouse foundling to leave the blacksmith's shop in Dorsetshire, where he had been apprenticed by the Brentford guardians. The board yesterday obtained a summons against the youth for detaining clothes worth £5.

Pictures, silver, and other valuables awaiting auction in Northampton Corn Exchange were stolen by burglars yesterday.

Owing to a difference with his brother Joseph Newton, aged sixteen, a sweet-boiler, of Northwich, poisoned himself with spirits of salts.

By an inadvertence the Church of England Bookstore has been described as in Bond-street. The correct address is 8, Dover-street, Piccadilly.

Seventeen wills have been proved during the past week disposing of estates amounting to the huge total of £4,041,000, or an average of £237,000.

When arrested for stealing £9 a Preston labourer was arrayed in a new suit of clothes, new boots, and new gaiters, bought with the ill-gotten money. He was let to gaol for six months.

Houghton-le-Spring (Durham) remains in telegraphic isolation, for the local council has reiterated its determination not to allow telegraph posts on the footpaths. The Post Office is equally opposed to a suggested alternative route, and has cut off all telegraphic communication.

On an island in one of the ponds on Clapham Common a water-hen has built its nest, and yesterday six tiny chicks were to be seen swimming about. There is a swan's nest on the same island, and some cygnets are expected this week.

GOOD BANK RETURN HELPS BUSINESS.

Markets Good, Except Kaffirs and Americans.

MEMBERS AT CRICKET.

CAPEL COURT, Thursday Evening.—Lord's was a more pleasant place than the Stock Exchange to-day, and so it seemed to strike a good many of the members of the "House." The match in progress certainly affected Stock Exchange attendance, and of business done there was not much about, but taking everything into consideration the day was by no means unsatisfactory. True, the peace rumours disappeared, and the Tsar was reported bellicose, but the market philosophically said that the outbreak of plague at Harbin might help to hurry peace along.

A dominating influence was the good Bank return. It had the effect of putting Consols to 90½ rather bid, after earlier weakness. Certainly the Bank return was a very strong one, and it showed that Lombard-street had quite a glut of wealth, and with banking circles so strong people began to talk of chances of a favourable influence on the stock markets. The bad spots, are the prospects of a £40,000,000 Russian loan in Paris, the certainty of a rush of new more or less high-class loans being on the slightest encouragement, especially after the Wynberg success, and the uncertainties about naval conditions in the Far East. The Bank rate is unaltered. The Bank reserve is £632,000 up.

HOME RAILS BETTER.

Fine weather and yesterday's good traffics were the reasons why Home Rails were better. The improvement was chiefly confined to the trade lines, and it is evident, therefore, that the market is viewing prospects with a certain degree of optimism. North-Westerns actually gained ½d.

American Rails were the worst section. They are talking of Mr. Lawson making another "bear" attack. There have been rumours of Steel Trust dissensions, and the report that the United States Government was likely to go abroad for its steel in connection with the Panama work, owing to the high prices asked at home, started Steel Trust shares on the down grade, and their decided weakness seemed to affect all the other Americans, causing a certain amount of fresh speculation. This was the very last thing that the market wanted.

RUSSIANS IMPROVE.

The absence of the peace rumours had a retrograde effect upon Japanese securities, which had been hoisted on them. The new scrip and the old bonds were alike offered down. The talk of the Russian loan in Paris also seemed to have a slight adverse effect on Russians, though it has not yet materialised. At the close Russians improved. A more adverse general influence, especially affecting Rio Tintos and some other descriptions, was the news of the continued rather serious illness of M. Leon, a well-known member of the Chamber of Deputies.

It would be impossible to imagine a much more stagnant condition of affairs than that prevailing in the Miscellaneous markets. Of course, the coming holiday on Saturday may have something to do with checking business. Movements were exceedingly few to-day, but there seemed to be just a little bidding in the textile group, as the dealers were disposed to argue that the position of the position is now pretty well known, and that the improving prospects may tell. Allsops are still dull, and it is thought the next report will be bad.

The Kaffir market showed a good deal of uncertainty at one time, and then there was an attempt to rally, but the truth is there is no public, and if the big houses do not start bidding for the shares nobody else will. The close was weak, and nobody will buy. The Banket report has fallen lamentably flat. People have been too often disappointed with the ultimate results to show much enthusiasm. In fact, most Rhodesians were dull, especially the copper group. The rather more sanguine tone of the Cosmopolitan report helped those shares in the West Australian mine that, as a whole, mining shares were dull. The Ashanti Goldfield group is weak in the West African market, fearing an unsatisfactory statement at next Monday's meeting of the company.

ANSWERS TO INVESTORS.

Commencing with this week's issue the "Daily Mirror" is prepared to furnish answers to inquiries on the subject of stocks, shares, and other forms of investment. Names of brokers, recognised members of leading Stock Exchanges, will only be furnished for bona-fide investment business.

TWO SHARES (K.P.): Nile River are 5s. shares, fully paid and "settled." They are nominally ½, but there has never been a free market. Prospects decidedly doubtful. On Egyptian Gold Storage there is no market information forthcoming.—PRICES (Investor): Closing quotations (Thursday) British Tea Table ½, Ben Eden 1 5/8, Harrods 4 1/2, Lyons 6 1/2. Why deal with an outside broker, against whom you have no remedy except the law.—OUTSIDE BROKER (A.B.): Having to do with the Cautious with a cheque.—INVESTMENT EXCHANGE (Finchley): Do not recommend the alteration.—DOCKS (H.E.): Not just at present.—BANK OF INDIA (Most certain) not.—AVRSHIRE (Auto): Best left alone.—TWO SHARES (Sid): We recommend neither.

AUSTRALIANS v. GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND AT LORD'S YESTERDAY.



A photograph showing the entire field. Mr. Cotter is bowling to Mr. Warner, who made a splendid score. Mr. Warner became a father yesterday, and that fact, some cricketers thought, so encouraged him that he had a long innings.

Guineas, indicated decadence rather than improvement.

The King's colours were carried by Carstone, a beautifully-bred brown colt by Persimmon—La Caroline—the latter a mare that earned some distinction when in the picturesque South American establishment run by Senor Alvarez a few years ago at Newmarket, before that gentleman retired with an ample fortune to his native habitat in the environs of Buenos Ayres.

Carstone ran only once as a two-year-old, and unsuccessfully. There was not much appreciation for his chance to-day, and bookmakers would have laid any prices against him. Shah Jehan was favourite, and there was a lot of money for Cape Verde, an unsexed son of Greenlaw, and one whose smartness had been recently tested. A good-looking filly named Ariadne had done good service as a juvenile for Mr. H. Lindemere, and she was now backed, for the opposition was admittedly very weak.

Carstone ran so well for nearly a mile that some enthusiasts cheered in anticipation of a royal victory, but the colt was in trouble before getting down the Bushes hill, and the contest virtually was reduced to a tussle between Shah Jehan and Cape Verde. The pair were ridden respectively by those fine horsemen, Maher and Halsey, and in an exciting finish Cape Verde won by a few inches, Carstone passing the post five lengths behind Shah Jehan.

IMPERIAL'S GALLANT VICTORY.

There were comparatively few runners in most of the other races, but some were distinguished by very keen struggles. It was reckoned that Imperial II. had too much work already, his recent record being spoiled by several failures, albeit on every occasion his weight has been very big. But the horse came out fresh and well for the Abingdon Plate, and won readily.

GREY FRIARS.

Yesterday's racing returns and to-day's programme will be found on page 14.

Seven years ago to-day the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone died at Hawarden, at the age of eighty-nine.

Fourteen Transvaal riflemen, who will compete for the King's Prize at Bisley, are due to leave Cape Town on May 29.

Remorse for having stolen a shilling belonging to her employer led a Liverpool girl named Thompson to commit suicide.

Despite the efforts of a party of fire-fighters, including soldiers, an acre of gorse and furze was destroyed by flames in a Norwich park yesterday.

Knocked down by a motor-omnibus at the tramways terminus, Westminster Bridge, a gentleman was seriously injured yesterday, and was taken to St. Thomas's Hospital.

"It's too much for you; take barley-water," was the advice given by the magistrate at Marlborough street yesterday to a youth of nineteen who pleaded guilty to drunkenness.

Westminster City Council yesterday decided to decorate the streets and present an address of welcome to the King of Spain should he pass through the city on his visit in June.

Metropolitan Bills passed yesterday by the Examiners of the House of Lords included the Baker Street and Waterloo Railway, Edgware and Hampstead Railway, and Charing Cross, Euston, and Hampstead Railway Bills.

Based on last year's payments, a saving of £1,081 per annum will be effected in the collection of rates for Aldgate, Aldersgate, and Farringdon Wards by yesterday's decision of the Court of Common Council to allot the duty to various officers.

Generally speaking, the pastoral prospects in Australia are in a fair way and have greatly recovered from the years of drought, said the chairman at the annual meeting of the Trust and Agency Company of Australia, Ltd., yesterday. The only black spot is the increase of rabbits.

A Wells (Norfolk) telegram last night says that the Earl of Leicester's condition is very grave.

The Waldorf Theatre, which opens on Monday, is as handsome inside as out. It was much admired at the private view yesterday afternoon.

At Stoke Workhouse a reading-room is to be provided for men whom a guardian describes as "intelligent fellows who like to be alone sometimes to read and study."

Votes of condolence with the relatives of three county magistrates for Dover who have died during the past week were passed by their colleagues on the bench yesterday.

In Liverpool shipping circles yesterday the suggestion that Holyhead is to be made the port of call for the American mail boats, instead of Queens-town, was not regarded seriously.

Mr. Carnegie visited King's Lynn yesterday and opened a handsome free library built by his municipality. At the same hour another Carnegie library was being opened at Lowestoft by the mayors.

Tony Todd, who is walking 1,000 miles in eighteen days, on the Notts, Yorkshire, and Lincolnshire roads, was yesterday about thirty miles ahead of his schedule time between Worksop and Lincoln. He expects to finish to-day near Sheffield.

Earl Howe is the only ratepayer in the Gopsall Parish of Leicestershire, and the Market Bosworth Guardians have specially appointed two gentlemen to act as overseers.

Sir Isambard Owen and Lord Kenyon were chosen senior and deputy chancellors respectively at the annual meeting of the Court of the Welsh University at Newport yesterday. The Prince of Wales is Chancellor.

London's death-rate of 15 per 1,000 for the last four weeks is below the average for the past ten years. A feature specially noted in the return issued yesterday is the entire absence of any death from smallpox or typhus.

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are at
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Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, MAY 19, 1905

A MEDIAEVAL VIEW.

THE London Diocesan Conference yesterday discussed what the Bishop of London has called "one of the burning questions for the Church of England"—the question, namely, whether that Church ought to agree to the re-marriage of a divorced person under any circumstances whatever.

There is a strong party which holds that such agreement ought never to be accorded. Marriage, they say, is a sacrament. An oath taken before Heaven cannot be dissolved by any earthly court. "Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

On the other hand, there are thousands of more reasonable clergymen who look at the facts of life, not as they ought to be, but as they are. One of them was heard yesterday. He made an eloquent appeal to the Conference not to confound the innocent with the guilty. He quoted the case of a young girl known to him, who was "forced into marriage" with a rich ruffian, from whom the law soon afterwards decreed her merciful release.

Is it sane or fair to condemn this sinless sufferer to perpetual celibacy? Is it kind or just to declare that if she decides to put into the marriage lottery once more, the Church will have no hand in it; that she must be content with a civil ceremony? That would be a mediaeval policy, based upon a theory of marriage which the majority of people have long since given up.

The whole question of divorce is in an unsatisfactory state. Many shrewd observers detect a tendency in favour of relaxing rather than drawing tighter the bonds of matrimony. However that may be, the Church ought certainly to understand that this is not the moment to take any step backward towards a state of things which was already getting old-fashioned two hundred years ago.

THE MAIDEN AUNT.

"The good work of a maiden aunt is often unknown and unacknowledged," said the Bishop of Hereford at the Parents' Educational Union meeting. He might have put it even more strongly.

He might have said that the maiden aunt was most unjustly the frequent butt of the cheap humourist; that neither the children upon whom she lavishes her tender devotion, nor the parents whose place she fills, really appreciate her; that her loving self-sacrifice must in most cases be its own reward.

And in most cases it is its own reward. The maiden aunt asks nothing more. It is a labour of love that she undertakes. The least little tribute of affection moves her gentle soul to gratitude. She indulges children much more than their own mother would, for she feels in her heart that she has no natural claim upon them. They must be won over, coaxed into returning her tenderness, even bribed, if that be necessary, with treats and privileges at which parents would stand aghast.

There is something very affecting about the idolatrous attitude of the maiden aunt towards her little nephews and nieces. They are her dream-children. As she fondles them and feels their sticky little kisses on her cheek she clasps them closer to her, and for a brief, beautiful moment they are her own indeed. The might-have-been is transfigured by imagination into reality. The moment passes, but nothing can blot out her ecstatic memory of it.

It compensates even for the pang which stabs her breast when the absent parents return, and the little ones rush to hang upon their lips, and "Auntie" must stand on one side in patient self-effacement. It buys her spirit up when "Mother's" authority is triumphantly quoted by tiny voices against hers. It lets her into the secret of the greatest joy life holds for women. You can see it in her shining eyes.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

There is no condition in life so fixed and permanent as to be out of danger or the reach of change.—*Laurence Sterne* (1713-1798).

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

THE English legal world appears to be treating Earl Russell a little more politely than it once did, since now he has been "called to the bar"—this time, not as he was a few years back, to the undesirable bar of the House of Lords. Earl Russell's trial for bigamy in 1901 provided all the great lawyers of the kingdom with a splendid opportunity for discussing precedents, and displaying legal learning by the hour. He himself, mild-eyed, benignant, spectacled, seemed an innocent and pathetic figure as he stood and heard them arguing.

Earl Russell is the grandson of the famous Lord John Russell. He was not left very well off by his father, and so determined to add to his income by becoming an electrical engineer. That was a sensible resolution, but unfortunately, in the prosecution of it, he met with the beginning of his troubles. He was introduced to Miss Mabel Scott—he was paying a business call on her mother. She afterwards became his wife, and has appeared at "the halls" since. That particular marriage was an acknowledged failure. Earl Russell's second wife is a keen social reformer, and was once an enthusiastic member of the Pioneer Club.

Mr. Sydney Grundy certainly has not won much praise for his version of Octave Mirbeau's play,

King Leopold certainly enjoyed his recent visit to Paris as much as ever. He generally spends about £200 a day on his hotel bill alone there. He is not accustomed to denying himself anything. When he starts out to travel you might think that Beau Brummel, or Count D'Orsay had come to life again, so formidable an array is there of dressing-cases, cosmetics, brushes, perfumes, and other dandiacal implements. It is hard to get the jovial monarch to deny himself anything which he ought not to eat, either. He is a confirmed gourmet, and his attendants have to arrange that nothing shall come on to the table which his doctors have forbidden him.

Little Mischa Elman has certainly not disappointed London audiences. He has turned out to be a true and magnificent "prodigy," not only one of the nine days' wonders so common in the world of music. This little Russian Jew came of poor parents, who kept a school for Jews in an obscure town. Probably Mischa would have remained there to this day had it not been that his father was himself a student of music and recognised the son's ability. Then, after infinite worry and trouble, his parents succeeded in getting Mischa into the Russian Imperial School of Music and his proper training began.

Several times at St. Petersburg he made "sensations," but they were drawing-room sensations, and the great public only got to know of him when he appeared at Berlin. It was at Berlin, by the way, that he nearly lost his life. He was sleeping with his father in rather a small room at a pension,

ORGANISERS OF YESTERDAY'S BENEFIT FOR MR. H. B. CONWAY.



The latest photographs of Sir Squire Bancroft and Miss Annie Hughes, the clever actress who is scoring such a success in "Mr. Hopkinson." It was to their efforts that the excellent result of the H. B. Conway Benefit at the Haymarket Theatre yesterday was chiefly due.

"Business is Business." He will probably not suffer from that; I do not think he values critical opinion as much as the opinion of the public. Mr. Grundy is something of a pessimist about the stage. Did you ever hear of the encouraging advice which he gave to one of the most distinguished actresses of the time? He was staying in a little provincial town, and had a reputation as a rising playwright. One day a dark-haired girl called upon him and asked for his advice.

She wanted to go on to the stage. Mr. Grundy looked at her and gave his advice, frankly, bluntly, in one word, "Don't." "Oh, I am determined to go," said the girl. "Then go," said Mr. Grundy, still more bluntly. Years afterwards, at a dinner-party, he was asked to take Mrs. Patrick Campbell down. In the middle of the dinner she turned to him and said, "So you haven't recognised me yet?" In a flash Mr. Grundy remembered that this was the girl who had come humbly to him for advice in the little provincial town years before.

In Diplomatic circles a good deal of talk is still going on about the rumours that the King of the Belgians is to be married again, in spite of the fact that those rumours have been denied on what seemed good authority. It appears unlikely that one who knows the world and how to enjoy life with epicurean easiness, as King Leopold does, should plunge once more into the perilous sea of matrimony. He is determined now, I am inclined to think, to live, as far as a recalcitrant family will allow him, in peace with all the world, and marriage is not the kind of adventure which is suited to the fulfilment of that ideal.

and only half turned off the gas one night. In the middle of the night the father and son woke nearly suffocated with the fumes. They succeeded in getting the door open and were saved. But poor little Mischa scarcely played his best at the concert which he had to give next day!

Last year Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was falsely accused on a certain day of having been at Asot—a charge which he indignantly repudiated. Yesterday a news agency's tape-machine did the Liberal leader a similar injustice. His message was ticked out thus:—"Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, M.P., this afternoon left King's Cross for Newmarket." "Hello!" thought those who read it, "he's a little late. Still, better late than never." But next moment the "ticker" went on: "Repetition—for Newcastle-on-Tyne, to address a Liberal meeting." Did he wish it was breezy Newmarket instead of smoky Newcastle? I wonder.

A cordial welcome will be given to Prince and Princess Arisugawa, of Japan, who have just been visiting President Loubet, when they come to London. The Prince is already well known in the English Navy, since he served as a midshipman on board Admiral Cook's flagship, the Iron Duke, and was treated as their familiar comrade by the other midshipmen on board. Prince Arisugawa has none of the overbearing pride of the aristocrat. His children have been taught the same principles of modesty and courtesy which distinguish him. For example, his eldest son is only allowed to ride a bicycle in Tokyo on the express condition that he cleans and takes care of it himself without troubling the servants.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

TRAMWAYS OR OMNIBUSES?

I am afraid your correspondent, Mr. T. Wootwell (with about half London) is under a great delusion in thinking the motor-omnibus is better than the electric tramcar.

After three years' wear, the former's petrol engines, driving gear, and tyres will be on the scrap-heap, whereas there is quite thirty years' wear in an electric tramcar. F. W. MAYES, Enfield.

TEACHERS' PAY.

"Ratepayer" argues that men should be paid more than women (for the same work) because they have wives and children. I expected someone would answer my letter in this sense.

Have women never any responsibilities? Do they never keep husbands and children, or old parents? The argument is utterly unsound.

Some men have no one but themselves to keep. Are they paid less on that account? Of course not. Harrow-on-the-Hill. ALICE VERNER.

THE KING'S UNIFORM.

I also (to my great regret) have noticed how a soldier is avoided and disliked by the shallow, narrow-minded, and paltry section of the British public. They seem to find the grand work he has done for us abroad, how he has fought and bled for almost every acre we possess.

Another thing, Tommy is not the drunken, blackguardly beast many people suppose him, but in most cases a quiet, respectable, well-behaved, and even courteous fellow. HAROLD PALMER, Brookdale-road, Catford.

THE CRAZE FOR SPEED.

I must confess I do not follow "A. B. B.'s" reasoning at all. Because racing motor-boats, composed of the flimsiest materials for lightness, fail to weather a storm in which even the escorting warships were in danger, he says the day of motor-boats will soon be over! Again, one must not forget that, apart from their frailty of construction, these racers are only about forty feet in length.

As to pleasure motor-boats being a nuisance or not, this is a matter of opinion. There is a certain class of people always opposed to progress. Wallington, Surrey. E. M. OLIVER.

POLICE BRUTALITY IN IRELAND.

I read in your paper an article on "Cossacks and Women." You seem indignant (and rightly so) that such things should occur; but there is no necessity to go to Russia in order to see such occurrences.

It is only a few days since at Rildoverly Fair, here in the county Cork, that I had to remonstrate with a policeman who was kicking a woman in the most savage fashion. His excuse was that she used foul language to him.

The sinister feature of the occurrence was this: Though a large crowd had assembled, no one seemed to remonstrate until I came up. The people evidently were either so accustomed to such sights or were so much afraid of the police that they did not deem it advisable to interfere. Doneraile, County Cork. ROBERT W. EVANS.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Mr. Stanley Spencer.

HE has not given up balloons for flying-machines, and yesterday he had charge of the Vivian, the largest of the three balloons in the Aero Club race from London to Southampton.

Born of a ballooning family, he has made his living in mid-air all his life, and incidentally has stayed there longer at a time than anyone else. But then he is as much at home in the air as he is on earth, if not more so.

His greatest triumph has been his flying machine, the "Melin," with which he startled the world not so long ago.

And he is just the man for a balloonist. He has no nerves, he does not know what fear is, and he only weighs 94st. But for his long and varied experience, he might pass for a naïveté character, for his clothing has a smack of the sea about it. His light, curly hair, grey-blue eyes, clear, healthy complexion, and well-cut features help to make up a good-looking man.

He is an enthusiastic photographer, even when aloft, and when he is not risking his neck he is a cyclist and angler. As he has no nerves he does not find it any the worse for not being either a non-smoker or a teetotaler.

IN MY GARDEN.

MAY 18.—Anyone possessing an old wall can get a great deal of pleasure by growing suitable plants upon it. Wallflowers and snapdragons thrive in cracks that abound between the bricks or stones if a little good soil is mixed with the loose mortar. Wallflower-seed can now be sown in such positions.

The mountain clematis, rambling luxuriantly over honeysuckle and rose, to-day covers the porch with shining white stars.

Lovely as the garden is, in the distance the apple-orchard looks almost as beautiful. Each tree is laden with pink-white bloom, while thousands of buttercups dance above the rich green grass.

E. F. T.

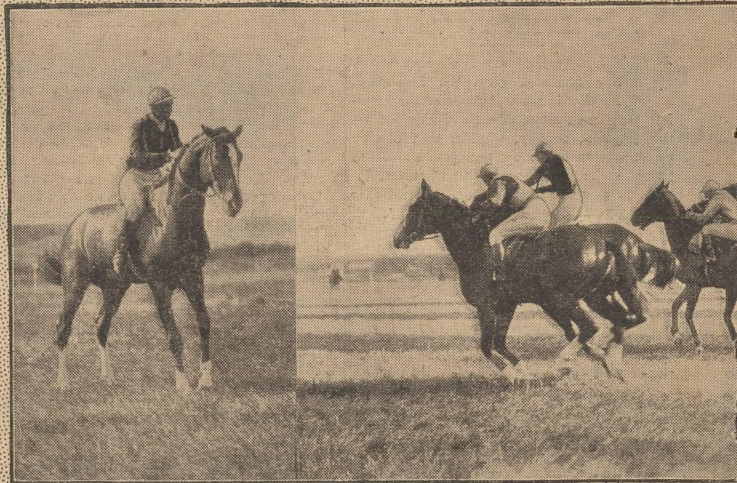
LONDON'S PRETTY WINDOW-BOXES.



This is the window-box season. Beautiful effects are produced by proper arrangements of flowers on the sills. The fronts of some London houses are made charming by the methods shown in our four photographs.

ALL THE NEWS IN P

NEWMARKET SCENES: A HORSE THAT LOST HIS T



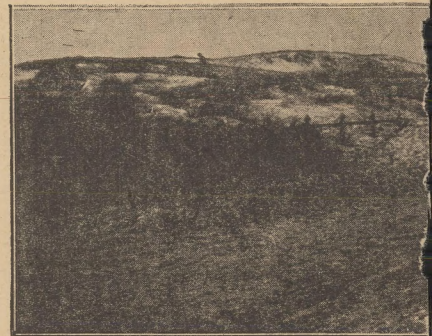
The first photograph shows Lord Stanley's colt Stadtholder refusing to go to the starting point for the Newmarket. The second picture is the start of the Welter Handicap—a steeplechase.

SLAYER OF A SLAYER.



Stephan Klinoff, the Moscow butcher who on Tuesday last hanged Koliaeff, murderer of the Grand Duke Sergius. After performing the duties of executioner, Klinoff returned to his shop.

BIRKDALE (LANCASHIRE)



Part of Southport. Blown sand has buried the esplanade and the railway. The sea is visible in the distance.

£5,900 VASE.



Piece of old Nankin porcelain belonging to the Huth collection. Bought at Christie's by Mr. Partridge. Mr. Duveen bid vainly against him.

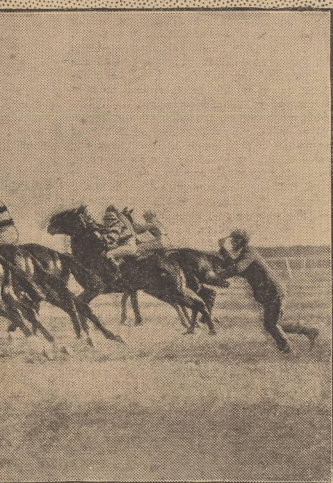
PHOTOGRAPHS



NEWS PHOTOGRAPHS BY EXPRESS

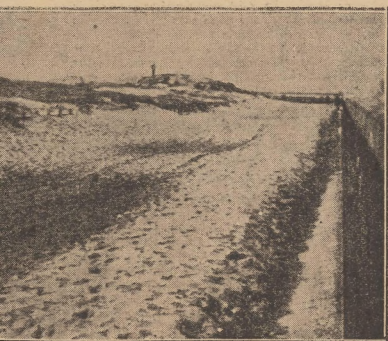


ER BEFORE THE KING.



takes. The start was delayed twenty-nine minutes.
photograph.

WHELMED WITH SAND.



h ranging from a few inches to five feet. The iron
ne of desolation and ruin.

NEW CAMPAIGN HELMET.



he Army Council, after months of debate, during which
me it devoted itself to little else, has adopted this as the
new foreign service headgear.

TURTLE RIDER.



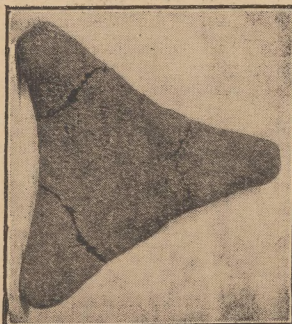
M. Louis de Rougemont, the explorer,
is waiting at Tatsfield the arrival of a
8cwt. turtle, which he is to use as a
living boat to travel on.

MISS BALFOUR,



Sister of the Premier. They are giv-
ing an evening party to-day.

STALE BREAD.



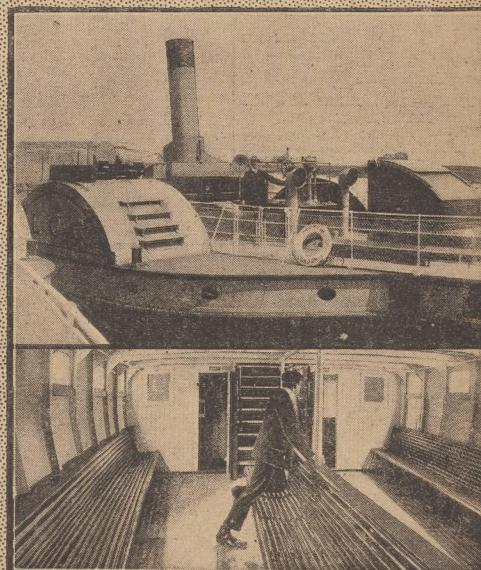
Baked 4,405 years ago. Found on the
Nile. Harder than a railway-station
sandwich.

TRIP ON AN IMPROMPTU LIFT.



At Mr. Seymour Hicks's new theatre the workmen find it quicker and
easier to be hoisted about than to climb ladders.

POKEY CABINS ON PENNY STEAMBOATS.



Views of a new L.C.C. boat, amidships and smoking saloon, showing that
the accommodation is no better than that of the old penny steamers.

COST PENNIES, BUT WORTH POUNDS.

Bargains Which Eclipse the 12s. 6d.
Vase Sold for £5,900.

The old Nankin porcelain vase which, originally bought for 12s. 6d., has just been sold for £5,900 at Christie's, is a wonderful example of the fortunes which occasionally fall to lucky bargain-hunters, but it is quite eclipsed by some which are on record. They spread over every department of life, and though many are the result of accident, the greater part are the result of knowledge on the part of the buyer.

The most famous case in china-buying is that of a set of four vases which were sold to Lord Coventry for £10,000. They were originally bought from a dressmaker in a London suburb by a dealer who had been endeavouring to trace them for years.

FEW BARGAINS IN BOOKS NOW.

Bookstall bargains are becoming rarer and rarer each year, but they are still to be had. Quite recently a shabby-genteel clerk bought an almost unique copy of Gruner's "Italian Ericoes" from a barrow in Aldgate. He paid half a crown for it, and disposed of it privately to a great collector for £20.

At Sotheby's auction room books are frequently put up for sale in parcels or lots, and a young girl studying for an examination bought a parcel of text books for 15s. Among them was a strikingly beautiful book with gilt edges and bound in green morocco.

On consulting an expert she found it was an original of William Blake's "Songs of Innocence." Placed in the market again it was eagerly competed for by Lord Rosebery, Earl Spencer, Mrs. Rylands, of Manchester, and other noted book collectors, and sold for £170.

Even flowers will yield bargains. On one occasion a gentleman went into Protheroe and Morris's auction rooms in Cheapside, just to look at the beautiful flowers which were about to be sold. Chiefly because he did not care to leave suddenly, the auction having started, he bid for an orchid bulb, which was knocked down to him for 10d. When the plant flowered it was sold to Baron Schroeder, of Egham, for 180 guineas.

£30 FOR FOURPENCE.

Wonderful bargains have been made in postage stamps. One morning a sailor entered the shop of a well-known stamp expert, and produced from a tattered purse four unused Australian penny stamps. He asked the expert to value them, and it was promptly begged to him. They were specially fine "May Views," and the dealer sold them the next day for £30.

The same dealer bought a penny blue Cape of Good Hope woodcut error for 6d. from a boy who came into his shop, and promptly resold it for £50.

Old coins occasionally yield sensational bargains. A Cromwellian fifty-shilling piece, a curious 1656, was once bought for 3s. 6d. from a curio-dealer, who was under the impression it was a war medal, and subsequently resold it for £200.

The purchase of antique silver plate has proved a profitable investment for many a sharp-eyed dealer. A pair of sconces dated 1701, bought for two guineas from a small farmer in Sussex, realised £200 at a public auction a month or two later.

LOST IN THE WINNING.

By ARTHUR APPLIN.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

LYNDAL MAYBRICK: A charming young girl, a splendid horsewoman, and brought up at the training stables of Joe Marvis.

JOE MARVIS: A trainer of racehorses at Epsom.

SIR TATTON TOWNLEY: A middle-aged racing baronet. He expects his horse King Daffodil to win the Derby.

B. S. VOGEL: A money king and the unscrupulous owner of the public favourites for the Derby, The Devil.

DOLORES ST. MERTON: A fascinating grass widow in the power of Vogel. (She is really Mrs. Hilary.)

ARTHUR MERRICK: A gentleman-jockey, who is to ride King Daffodil in the Derby.

BILLY: A one-eyed stableman devoted to Marvis.

CHAPTER XX.

It was twilight.

In the study of his great house Mr. B. S. Vogel walked nervously and down a fire crackled on the hearth—not that the weather was really cold enough, but the house felt cold, the outlook was cold—and Vogel felt lonely. He wanted companionship, he wanted someone to talk to, someone to talk to him.

For the house which had lately echoed with the merry chatter and laughter of men and women was now silent, empty, still. All his guests had departed, departed suddenly, it seemed, not by degrees, but all within twenty-four hours.

Society had beckoned them away, waving her wand towards the fascinating magic of London. The season was fast rising to its high tide, and every body who was anybody gathered like moths around the lamp whose light burnt so fiercely for a few short weeks, striving to find amusement by flitting as close to the flames of pleasure as possible without singeing their wings.

But Vogel, usually one of the big moths who led

After the death of Miss Forbes, a wealthy maiden lady, who lived at Wimbledon, there were some extraordinary bargains picked up at the sale of her effects. A square silver, dated 1726, engraved by Hogarth, was sold at 4s. 6d. per ounce, and afterwards fetched 46 10s. per ounce.

A circular sideboard dish, by Paul Lemaire, weighing 351 ounces, and a set of three tea caddies, went for 2s. 9d. an ounce, and were disposed of subsequently for £3 and £12 per ounce respectively.

But all these are as nothing beside the purchase of an Elizabethan salvercel weighing nine ounces of a half-ounce from a boarding-house-keeper at Yarmouth by a visitor. This seemingly insignificant piece of plate was sold by public auction for £675.

Pictures by old masters are responsible for perhaps the greatest bargains.

The famous portrait of Mr. Bowater, by Gainsborough, was sold to a Jew for 48s. by the children had been shooting at it with bows and arrows. The buyer resold the picture to a dealer for £300, and the latter, after having had the canvas repaired, sold it to Lord Rothschild for 1,500 guineas. It is still in his possession, though he has more than once been offered £10,000 for it.

But all these instances are dwarfed by the case of an Englishman who emigrated to a little town about ten miles from Denver, in Colorado. There he purchased about 2,000 acres of absolutely freehold land from the State Government at 2s. 6d. an acre, and had not been established on his new estate three weeks before he discovered under his feet one of the richest silver mines in Western America.

THE MIRROR UP TO NATURE.

The Reign of the Lime and the May.

THE beauty of the bursting bud is past. Now is the time of blossom and of leaf. And leaf of a beauty which we see but in these days of spring and early summer. Every tree is a picture of delicate greens, every leaf a perfect work of Nature.

But the two most perfect pictures of all are the may trees and the limes.

The shimmering silver of the aspen is beautiful, the richer colour of the sycamore is a feast for the eye, but they cannot compare with the delicacy of the lime. In no other work of nature is there such a perfection of pale green transparency as in the lime leaf.

In a few weeks it will darken and thicken, and the dust, the great curse of the beautiful English summer, will be laid upon it. Then it will have lost much of its own special beauty. The lime, the dainty lady, her spring gown spoiled and worn, will be eclipsed by the majestic elm and the sturdy oak.

Now her rule is only challenged by the may tree, whose leaf of beauty, too, is but too short. Every country lane is white with great masses of bloom, and every country garden white or pink and sweetly fragrant with the may's entrancing scent, a scent which seems to breathe more of the purity of the country than does even the new-mown hay or meadow-sweet.

No, and cypresses, too, are filled with blossom, but their beauty is not that of the hedgerow may, for the may is wild and the fruit trees are not.

Why is it that wild blossom and wild flower have so much more powerful a hold upon our hearts than any garden bloom?

Is it that all civilisation palls upon us in the spring?

A crowd of smaller ones in his wake, remained behind. He had remained to welcome another guest, a guest whom he wished no eyes save his to see—no one, save himself, to greet. A guest from a far country, a stranger to an old friend—Helen Hilary, Dolores's husband.

Seven o'clock struck; half-past seven. Vogel grew nervous; he stood at the window, down which the soft, silent rain dripped ceaselessly, and drummed his fingers irritably on the glass. Presently the door opened and a servant entered and asked his master if he should serve dinner.

No, not until I ring," Vogel replied curtly, without turning his head.

He peered anxiously through the steaming glass. A strange, weird figure was beating up the long drive towards the house, the figure of a man. His head was bent as he fought against the wind, and his face was hidden. A long tattered coat flapped about his thin legs; he staggered weakly now and then as the gale caught him, and reeled from side to side of the drive. Vogel watched him anxiously; he seemed a hundred years old.

At last he was within a hundred yards of the house—fifty yards—and he raised his head and stared ahead of him, stared at the great house.

Vogel gave a sigh of relief, and, turning from the window, left the door. He crossed the hall quickly and unlocked the doors himself, and waited on the threshold beneath the great glass portico to welcome his guest.

Once in the privacy of his room he turned and faced the stranger and looked him slowly up and down, a sneer on his thin lips and in his little piercing eyes. Horace caught himself, and his hands twitched, and he shifted uneasily from one leg to the other.

"You're late," Vogel said at last. "Couldn't find the way; deuce of a distance from the station," Hilary mumbled. "You're pretty comfortable here."

Vogel touched the bell. "Serve dinner, at once."

As soon as the servant had left the room he

THE DRAMATIC SENSE.

Pathos and Humour from the
Morning's News.

It was just after the jury had disagreed as to whether she murdered "Casar" Young in a hansom cab or not. Nan Patterson was waiting at the door of her hotel. The janitor called a hansom. "No," she cried, with a shudder, "call a four-wheeled cab. I can never go in a hansom again if I live to be a hundred."

Quite Enough Reason.

Two little girls were sent out of a board school to wash their faces. Said the elder to the younger, proudly—

"My face is much dirtier than yours."

"Of course," said the other. "You're a year older."—Pett Ridge, at the Invalid Children's Aid Association meeting.

What's In a Name?

A motor-car driver's affairs were examined into by the Court of Bankruptcy.

The Registrar: Why is he not described as a chauffeur?

He: Well, chauffeur or stoker.

The Registrar: I have heard they have been called stokers because they are a sort upon other people. (Laughter.)

A Witty Dean.

Of the late Dean Dickinson, of Dublin, who died on Wednesday, the "Times" says:—Innumerable stories of his quickness of intellect will long survive him. It was he who in the General Synod told a Mr. Brush that "he had given him no handle for such a sweeping assertion." It was he, also, who explained that in one of his journeys between Kingstown and Holyhead, as a Commissioner of Licensing Reform, he had been so sick that he almost threw up his commission.

How the Japanese Face Death.

A letter written by a Japanese officer just before starting on a dangerous errand in which he met his death:—

"I beg you not to be uneasy, for I swear that I shall not disgrace my father's name or sully the honour of our family. At this moment of setting out I have written down a verse by way of farewell to life:—

"If life be but a dream,
Why dreaming, live?
Oh, gladder far to fall
Ere yet the flower fades."

Father and Son.

I remember a conversation between a schoolmaster and a man who had just sent his son to a public school for the first time. The schoolmaster sympathised with the father, remarking how difficult it must have been to find exactly the right thing to say to his son.

"Indeed, yes," was the ready reply, "I couldn't make up my mind for a long time whether to advise him to take to bowling or batting."—The Bishop of Hereford at the Parents' Educational Union.

unhung an old smoking-jacket from the panelled wall and gave it to Hilary.

"Put that on; it'll cover your rags. Servants get suspicious of ragged guests. Now sit at the table, and don't dabble before the servant; eat—you can drink afterwards."

Hilary nodded, and his eyes brightened for an instant as they again lighted on the row of bottles.

The conversation was meagre during the meal, and entirely on Vogel's side. But Hilary merely played with his food, eating only a few mouthfuls of each course. As soon as the savoury had been served Vogel dismissed the servant.

"You can go to bed; no one need sit up." The man withdrew; Vogel listened to his footsteps across the hall; then, rising, he opened the study door, looked out, closed it again—and locked it.

"What do you do that for?" Hilary asked sharply. "We don't want to be disturbed," Vogel replied.

He placed the wine and cigars on the table, helped himself to port, and lit a cigar, and then looked at Hilary with a peculiar smile.

"You can drink now," he whispered, leaning across the white cloth. "What—what poison is it, eh?"

Hilary checked his nervous laugh, and looked at the decanter of pale yellow liquor.

"Brandy," he whispered, "and for Heaven's sake give it me quickly."

"I thought you didn't eat much," Vogel grinned. "Food!" Hilary shuddered. "I loathe it, loathe it; the only food I can stand now is spirit, without it I should die."

Vogel poured out half a tumblerful, and Hilary seized it greedily and raised it to his lips and emptied it at a gulp. The expression on his face changed; his eyes grew bright, the dead pallor of his cheeks passed away, and an almost healthy glow took its place.

He leaned back in his chair and clasped his hands tightly together.

"That's better. I couldn't have stood it much longer. I'm all right now that the pain's gone!"

(Continued on page 11.)

SOAP THAT BEAUTIFIES

There are more varieties of soap than there are days in the year; and they differ just as much in their properties as they do in their name. In this article we are not going to discuss anything but toilet soaps; and the first question in connection with this division of the subject is, "What ought soap to do?" The answer made by most people would be that soap ought to cleanse your skin. This is, of course, quite true, but if soap merely takes dirt and impurities from the surface of the skin, it will not be a perfect toilet-soap. Something more than the removal of surface impurities is necessary.

PERFECTLY CLEAN SKIN.

Everyone knows that the whole surface of the skin is covered with hundreds of thousands of pores, and these are like little doors at the end of the glands, and the dirt and dust which settles on the skin has a tendency to mix with the perspiration and fatty secretion of the skin, and so stop them up. The pores should be open, and, this being so, it is quite certain that if the perspiration and natural oil of the skin cannot find a proper outlet, that not only will the skin suffer, but the general health will be injured by the stoppage of the pores. A perfect soap is one that neither clogs over the surface of the skin nor goes down into the pores and dissolves their necessary oil, but it should cleanse both the surface and open and purify the pores. It is our object in this article to tell you of a soap that satisfies all these requirements.

SOAPS THAT INJURE THE SKIN.

We wish to impress on our readers the fact that many soaps are positively ruinous to the skin, which is far too delicate to be treated with disrespect. No one who values their personal appearance can afford to use bad soap. If your skin looks dry, harsh, cracks easily, is red, or rough, your appearance will suffer, however beautifully Nature may have endowed you; whilst other people who really are plain in feature will pass for good-looking owing to the beauty of their complexion and the pleasantness of their looks. Don't use a soap which has a large amount of free fat, as the grease will coat over the skin, stop up the pores, and make it look shiny. On the other hand, if the soap you use has an excess of free alkali or soda, this will dissolve away the fat of the skin, and make it dry and harsh, and absolutely spoil the most beautiful complexion. We therefore repeat our advice, and recommend you to give five minutes' consideration to the soap you are using day by day.

THE SCENT OF THE PINE FOREST.

Everyone knows how delicious, refreshing, and healthful is the smell of the pines. If you visit Bournemouth you will be taken to see the Invalids' Walk as one of its principal features, and it is because of the fragrance and healing virtues of the pine-trees that people in innumerable cases are recommended to Bournemouth and other similar health resorts. "Antexema Soap" gives you the delicious and healing scent of the pines, and you could not possibly get a more delightful soap either for the bath, toilet, or nursery. It is a real delight to wash either the face, hands, or body with "Antexema Soap," as it purifies the skin and makes the flesh firm and glowing. It does not rob the skin of any of its natural juices, but feeds the true skin, puts new life into it, and gives brilliance into the complexion.

A LUXURIOUS BATH.

However refreshing a bath is when ordinary soap is used, its enjoyment is enormously increased if you use "Antexema Soap." It opens the pores of the skin, liberates their activities, but it works no chemical change in those delicate juices that go to make up the charm and bloom of the perfect complexion. We are not exaggerating when we say that the use of "Antexema Soap" will save doctors' bills, because the proper care of the skin, and the healthy circulation, will help every function of the body, from the action of the muscles to the digestion of the food. Purity, sweetness, refreshing and delightful cleanliness, and the glow of health are the sensations produced by the use of "Antexema Soap," which is as pure as the pines.

OTHER REASONS FOR USING "ANTEXEMA SOAP."

Because it makes the skin clear, white, and healthy, and prevents pimples, blackheads, and red, rough, oily skin, it should always be used, and it is also the best preventative and healthiest cleanser, emollient, antiseptic, non-poisonous and safe. If you have not already tried it you should procure a supply immediately, and you will be delighted with it and charmed with the wonderful improvement in the appearance of your skin. For all toilet purposes, and for washing baby, it is just exactly the right thing, and when you have once tried it you will not willingly use anything else. When any infectious disease prevails its antiseptic properties are of the greatest value, and it should be used to avoid risk of infection.

"ANTEXEMA SOAP" IN SKIN TROUBLES.

As already explained in these columns, the first step to the cure of any skin trouble is the use of "Antexema," but "Antexema Soap" should also be used at the same time. After a cure has been effected the use of "Antexema Soap" should be continued, as it will keep the skin delicate, smooth, and dainty, and do much to prevent the recurrence of the former trouble.

MAKE A NOTE OF THIS.

Always use "Antexema Soap," which is supplied by all Chemists and Druggists at 6d. per tablet. In boxes containing three tablets for 1s. 6d., or a tablet will be sent post free for 7d., or three tablets in a box for 1s. 6d., by the "Antexema" Company, 89, Castle-road, London, N.W.

HEROISM IN HUMBLE LIFE IN ROTHERHITHE.



Three men at work in a sewer at Albion-street were overcome by gas. Two were rescued, but one, Thomas Freak, could not be got at. Photograph No. 1 shows the manhole by which Thomas Bassett bravely went below and helped to get the men out. Photograph No. 2 shows Bassett; and No. 3. (in the order given) Isaac Murfitt and Thomas Follett, who were rescued, and William Stanton, who helped with a rope to recover them.

LOST IN THE WINNING.

(Continued from page 10.)

when I can't drink I suffer the torture of hell. 'But I'm all right now.' He sighed again, and seized the decanter and refilled his tumbler. Vogel put the spirit on the other side of the table.

"Steady! We've got to talk, first. You can drink afterwards, drink yourself into a state of stupor, I mean."

Hilary smiled. "I can't do that now—not now. The more I drink the clearer my brain becomes, the better I feel: the more I drink the faster beats my heart and the quicker my brains work." Well—here I am. What do you want with me?"

Vogel laughed softly. "I want you to meet your wife," he said. "Have you forgotten that you're a married man?" Again Hilary passed his hands across his face, as if brushing away mental cobwebs that obliterated his vision.

"No, it's the only thing I've never forgotten," he said huskily, "that, and—the cursed Dugger Bank Gold-mine. My wife and the gold-mine—the heaven and hell of my life—you found both for me, Vogel, didn't you?"

"I saved you from one," Hilary said. "You put me into Hades and then showed me the heaven I'd missed. I don't say you did it purposely, mind, but you did it. You gave me the gold-mine and you gave me Dolores—and I've profited by neither."

He took another sip at his glass and leaned across the table, and for the first time looked straight into Vogel's eyes.

"But it isn't too late now. You're going to give me a chance, you're going to lift me out and help me to start again—with Dolores." He staggered to his feet. "Where is she? Tell me, where is she?"

"Sit down," Vogel said sternly. "She's not here, but she's not far away. I have sent for you

to give you a chance. I have sent for you because I think perhaps Dolores might save you—a woman can work miracles sometimes," he added with a sneer that escaped Hilary.

"Tell me that you think there is a chance," Hilary repeated, seizing Vogel's arm with trembling hand. "She cares for no one else, no one else has poured her from me?"

He was terribly in earnest; beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead; his lips twitched convulsively.

It was only with a great effort that Vogel restrained his laughter. What was this thing love that nearly all men went mad over? Here was Horace Hilary showing that he loved his wife, a wife he had seen half-a-dozen times in as many years, a wife only in name. Amazing!

"Nothing has happened to her—that's not why you've sent for me. Answer me quickly—quickly—or—"

A shadow of fear flitted across Vogel's face. He poured some more brandy and gave it to Hilary. "Set your mind at rest, your wife is all right; alive and well, very well. Nobody has run off with her—yet."

Hilary leaned back in his chair and sighed. "Then there's a chance—for me." He took another gulp at the brandy. "Curse the stuff—why do you give it me—Vogel—again; don't want any more, now. There's a chance for me?"

"You must know that best yourself," Vogel replied. "Do you feel it's not too late? Do you feel that, with help, her help, you could give up drink?"

Again Hilary brushed imaginary cobwebs away from his face. He lit another cigar before replying, smoking quickly and irritably.

His nerves were worrying him suddenly, unexpectedly, like a bundle of electric wires, they had become charged.

"I think—I think," he muttered. "Oh, fool, when I'm like this I always think I can—I could. But early in the morning, Vogel, when the effect

(Continued on page 13.)

THE SIMPLE LIFE.

A PRACTICAL SUGGESTION.

The newspapers both in America and on this side of the Atlantic have teemed of late with articles and letters from correspondents, all advocating in most enthusiastic language a return to the simple life. This agitation is in itself the most damning testimony to the widespread physical and intellectual deterioration among all classes of society in the present day, which is evidenced, alas! too painfully, by the prevalence of all forms of debility, dyspepsia, nervous diseases, and other ailments. But all these well-meaning reformers, in their very laudable desire for a nation of people who will follow out the Wordsworthian methods of "plain living and high thinking," seem to ignore one very important fact that makes the attainment of such a Utopian ideal at present impracticable.

EDUCATING UP.

It is admitted, at the outset, that mainly because of modern conditions of existence, the standard of health has already been lowered. Much of the illness that already prevails might, of course, have been prevented by the adoption of simple rules of

terious dietetic habits can be easily dropped without the slightest inconvenience.

A STRANGE FACT.

It is a strange fact, says Sir James Crichton Browne, that while many of the more rapidly killing diseases that involve but brief disability and suffering are decreasing, the slowly degenerative diseases, involving protracted invalidism and much misery, are mounting up. The reason of this, no doubt, is that more attention has been paid by the medical profession to the former, while the latter have unfortunately come to be looked upon almost as a condition attached to life in the twentieth century. Besides, these latter ailments, it is now generally admitted, really do not lend themselves to medical treatment, the only successful treatment being by purely natural means, such as are employed in the Sandow system. During the next few years we may look to see a steady diminution in these more common forms of illness, for hundreds of sufferers are daily finding relief from their sufferings by means of the Sandow Treatment; and as it becomes more widely known and is more generally adopted thousands more will reap similar benefits.

OVERCOMES UNHEALTHY CRAVINGS.

There is absolutely no reason now why any person should continue to suffer from any of the illnesses already mentioned, for the Sandow Treat-



EUGEN SANDOW, whose practical suggestion for remedying the ill resulting from over-civilisation has been welcomed and endorsed by the medical profession throughout the world.

living. But that does not alter the fact that the cure of those already suffering is of as vital importance as the prevention of degeneration creeping in among the healthy. Most of the common illnesses of to-day are the outcome of the unhealthy conditions of twentieth-century existence, and it would just be as easy for the drug-taker or the dipsomaniac to break off their evil habits at a moment's notice as to expect people suffering from such illnesses to revert to the simple life without some sort of preparation for the change. This return to simple methods of living is a beautiful and altogether admirable ideal, but the ailing must be carefully "educated up" to it. Their bodies, as well as their minds, must be "school'd" to the new mode of life.

SIMPLE AND NATURAL.

If only, for instance, every ailing person before attempting the simple life would first cure himself or herself of his or her ailment by undergoing a course of the Sandow Treatment, the path would be considerably simplified. It combats the very illnesses which are the outcome of the degeneration caused by modern conditions of life. Indigestion, constipation, insomnia, loss of vigour, anæmia, and nervous and functional disorders are the most common of these, and in thousands of such cases the Sandow Treatment has proved its efficacy. It is the ideal cure for those who seek the simple life, for it itself is designed on the most simple and natural lines, and yet is based on the soundest physiological principles. The whole course of the Treatment has been thought out to the minutest detail, and can be carried out in the sufferer's own home entirely by correspondence. By this means the body will be restored to such a condition of health that all dele-

ment brings a cure absolutely to your own door. It does not entail any changes in your ordinary habits of life, but it steadily kills the desire for stimulants, drugs, highly-spiced foods, and all the unhealthy cravings of the body, so that in this way it is an admirable preparation for the simple life. "The increased demand for anodynes, alcohol, and drugs that blunt the sensibility to the pains and penalties of life tells a sad tale," says the distinguished physician already quoted. But this craving is not to be appeased unless a suitable substitute is provided, and there is no substitute to equal the Sandow Treatment. It invigorates and gives tone to the whole system, promotes a healthy and vigorous flow of rich red blood, and thus nullifies all desire for all artificial stimulants and narcotics. And it accomplishes by the simplest and most natural means.

IN YOUR OWN HANDS.

If, therefore, you are a sufferer from indigestion, constipation, insomnia, loss of vigour, or nervous or functional disorders, the cure is in your own hands. The Sandow Treatment has already cured thousands of sufferers; in fact, it has effected a cure in practically every case, and has won the highest encomiums from the members of the medical profession. It will cost you nothing to write for Sandow's book on "Curative Physical Culture," in which a great deal more interesting information concerning the Sandow Treatment is to be found. The book is beautifully printed, and will be sent post free and gratis to every applicant who gives particulars of the trouble from which he or she suffers. All letters should be addressed to Eugen Sandow, Dept. D.M., 17, Basinghall-street, London, E.C.

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OPEN-AIR ENTERTAINMENTS AND SUITABLE REFRESHMENTS—A PRETTY BLOUSE.

SPOON AND FORK RECIPES.

SANDWICH FLAGS EMPLOYED AS LABELS.

When the warmer weather came I was very fond of inviting friends in for a long afternoon of tennis or croquet. This, of course, necessitated giving them a somewhat more substantial meal than the orthodox afternoon tea, while at the same time I did not wish to offer them an apology for the old-fashioned high tea.

Where lay the happy medium?

Martin, as usual, came to the rescue. She suggested we should give them almost any dainty concoction of meat, poultry, or fish that could be eaten conveniently without a knife. This seemed a wise suggestion.

The meal was frequently served out of doors, and this simplified matters, for if knives were necessary, so also would be tables and chairs, while without knives, a chair, or even a cushion on the ground, would be quite comfortable.

Little Cakes Instead of Large.

We always had a good supply of sandwiches of various kinds.

These we piled up on lace papers, and stuck a dainty little "sandwich flag" on each pile, with the name of the particular variety clearly written on each flag.

Patties of various kinds were invariably liked, and were made quite small. Then, again, savoury egg always looked most tempting nestling among fresh green lettuce leaves, while prawns in aspic and tiny chicken creams were much appreciated. While we always had a large and not too rich cake, Martin also made a goodly supply of little cakes and fancy biscuits. I always think they look more dainty than mere slices of cake.

Some of our favourite recipes:—

FOIE GRAS SANDWICHES.

INGREDIENTS.—Slices of this white bread and butter, foie gras.

Stamp the bread and butter out into a number of small rounds about an inch and a half across. Open the tin of pâté de foie gras, remove the butter from the top, and cut the contents into rounds the same size as the bread. Place a slice of the foie gras on a slice of bread, dust it with a little pepper and salt, cover it with a second round of bread and butter, pressing them together, and trim the edges with the cutter if they do not quite match. Arrange them on a lace paper and garnish them with a sprig of fresh parsley.

SHRIMP SALAD.

INGREDIENTS.—One pint of shelled shrimps, two tablespoonfuls of good salad oil, half a tablespoonful of vinegar, pepper, a teaspoonful of Mayonnaise sauce, six small round lettuce.

Put the shrimps in a basin and pour over them the oil and vinegar and a dust of pepper. Leave them for an hour, or longer, if possible. Next pour half the Mayonnaise over them. Wash and trim the lettuce, then carefully cut out the hearts, leaving a cup of the outer leaves. Pull the hearts finely to pieces and mix them with the shrimps. Arrange the cups of lettuce in little glass plates, put a tablespoonful of the shrimp mixture in each, with a little Mayonnaise poured over, and sprinkle over it all a little chopped parsley.

SAVOURY ECLAIRS.

INGREDIENTS.—Four ounces of Vienna flour, two ounces of butter, half a pint of water, two eggs, and one extra yolk. For the mixture: Quarter of a lb. of cold chicken, two ounces of cold ham, one ounce of flour, one ounce of butter, one teaspoonful of parsley, a dust of nutmeg, salt and pepper.

Put the flour on a baking-tin in the oven for a few minutes to dry it, but do not let it get in the least brown. Then sieve and weigh it, and if it has lost weight add a little more dried flour. Put the water and butter in a clean saucepan, and when it boils add the flour and beat it till it is smooth; then stir it in the pan over a slow fire till you can

roll it about the pan without it sticking. Let it cool. Next add one egg, beat it in well, add another, and when this is beaten in add the yolk. Take the mixture—a small piece at a time—and roll it lightly on a floured board into finger-shaped rolls as long and as thick as your first finger. Put these about two inches apart on a greased baking-tin, and bake them slowly till they are quite hollow and feel very light. They should be twice their original size. When they are nearly done brush the tops over with beaten yolk of egg. Split them open on one side, and without removing the tops scoop out any soft part if there is any in them.

Melt the butter in a saucepan, stir in the flour smoothly, then add the milk, and stir it over the fire till it boils. Now put in the chopped chicken, ham, and parsley. Mix them well, and season them with salt and pepper. Make the mixture hot, then fill in the cases. Arrange the eclairs in a criss-cross pile on a lace paper.

SAVOURY EGGS.

INGREDIENTS.—For four hard-boiled eggs, one ounce of butter, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley, two teaspoonfuls of anchovy essence.

Boil the eggs for fifteen minutes, then shell them and cut them in halves. Take out the yolks, and while they are hot put them in a basin with the butter, anchovy, and parsley. Mix them well together, then rub them through a sieve. Fill in the cases of white with the feathery-looking mixture, taking care not to flatten it. Take some parsley stalks and put them across the tops like

the handle of a basket. Wash and dry some lettuce leaves, and arrange them on a glass dish with the little baskets of egg nestling among them.

CHERRY CAKES.

INGREDIENTS.—Half a lb. of butter, three-quarters of a lb. of flour, two level teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, half a lb. of castor sugar, four eggs, half a lb. of glacé cherries, two ounces of mixed peel, two lemons.

Use two small fancy-shaped tins for these, and well butter them. Cream together the butter and sugar and then beat in the eggs one-by one. Sieve together the flour, baking powder, and salt. Cut the cherries in quarters, chop the peel finely, and grate the lemon rind. Now add the flour lightly to the butter, etc., then the cherries, peel, and lemon rind. Mix them all well together, and fill in the tins three-parts full. Bake the cakes in a quick oven from twenty to thirty minutes, or till they are firm and a pale brown.

FOR HOT HANDS.

The following lotion will prove very beneficial when the hands perspire too freely and become uncomfortable in consequence. Take ten grains of tannic acid, half an ounce of simple tincture of benzoin, two ounces of elderflower-water, and three ounces of rosewater. This mixture should be used on the hands, and the result will be that they will remain fresh and cool.



A charming corsage model made of pink linen covered with broderie Anglaise, to be worn with a pink linen skirt, trimmed with two bands of broderie Anglaise at the foot.

LOST IN THE WINNING.

(Continued from page 11.)

of the spirit has worn off and left me cold, lifeless—it's ghastly; there are times when I'd thief, when I'd murder to get it. There are times when if I didn't get it I should tear myself to bits—this miserable rotten body of mine to shreds, with these very hands of mine"—he spread out his long, nervous fingers with a horribly expressive action. "Then, when I'm all right—when I've fed the fiends inside me and there is peace, then I hope, and think, and dream."

"How I've dreamed, away there over the waters—dreamed of what might have been if Dugger Bank Gold Mines had gone wrong—dreamed of home—a smaller house than this, not so much of a palace and with children in it. Dolores grows to perfect womanhood, wife and mother; green English fields and country lanes—d'you hear the birds singing, the thrush and the blackbird; d'you smell the roses; d'you hear her voice calling, calling—as it's always been calling to me all these years?

"Now I've really come home, Vogel, it's not a dream. I'm really here; here, sitting in your own room beside you—and you're telling me that you're going to help me kill the Things that are calling me, that you're going to take me to my wife, to Dolores."

He unbuttoned his coat—Vogel's smoking jacket—and fumbled in the pocket of his waistcoat. Wrapped up in several soiled scraps of paper was a small photo; the edges were torn and ragged, the photo itself old and faded, blotched and dented. "This has never left me," he whispered. "Do you see how torn it is? That was done in my mad moments when hell was in my soul, when I starved. I cursed her then. At other times I've crouched in my room looking into these big eyes, kissing those red lips. Vogel, is she as beautiful as ever?"

Vogel chuckled. He rose and brought a photograph of Dolores in a massive silver frame from a side table and gave it to Hilary.

"That was taken about six months ago." Hilary's hands shook violently as he took the picture and gazed greedily at it. "So beautiful—so beautiful," he muttered. "Is

it possible she has grown so marvellously beautiful? Dolores—my Dolores."

He put the frame down, and, standing beside Vogel, placed his hands on his shoulders, gripping them tightly.

"You'll take me to her, you'll give me a chance? Swear it!" he cried.

"Oh, yes, I'll take you to her, I'll give you a chance, but you must obey me implicitly. And the first thing you must do is to go down to Epsom. You'll find your wife there"—he paused a moment to give his words due emphasis—"she's there with a certain young gentleman who has fallen violently in love with her."

"What—" Hilary snarled like a wild beast.

"What—"

"Oh, I said that he had fallen in love with her—not she with him, not yet. If you go down you can keep your eye on the young gentleman, and

"Yes—and what?"

"If you'll sit down and keep calm and quiet, I'll tell you."

(To be continued.)

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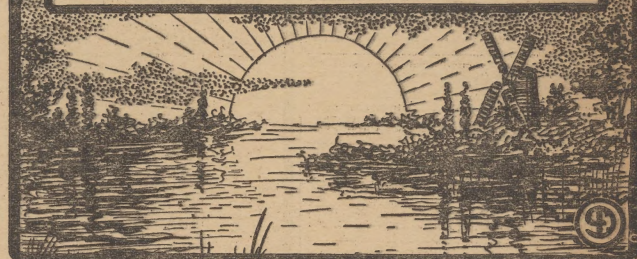
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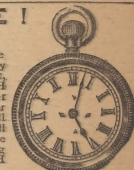
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DAILY BARGAINS.

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Dress.

A.A.—HIGH-CLASS Credit Tailoring—"Imperial" Lounge Suits, 30s. to 40s. 6s. monthly; selection of patterns; E. post free; please call—Wittam and Co., 231, Old-st., City, E.C.

A.—39c. PARCEL—UNDERLINEN—Eight Ladies' chemises, knitted, lace-trimmed, beautiful nightdresses, 10s. 6d.; approval—Mrs. Scott, 251, Uxbridge-rd., Shepherd's Bush.

W.—CREDIT Tailoring; ladies' and gent's; easiest terms.—Smith and Adams, 25, Ludgate-hill, E.C., and 25, Regent-st., S.W., Piccadilly-circus end.

BARGAIN.—Ladies' elegant 7-trand, extra wide and long necktie Outerwear; Marston Stock, dark brown, perfectly new; sacrifice 11s. 9d.; another, superior quality, 11s. 9d.; approval—Gwendoline, 55, Hanover-st., London.

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A.—LADY offer elegant seven-trand extra wide, long choice material; 30s. to 40s. 6s. monthly; selection of patterns; E. post free; please call—Wittam and Co., 231, Old-st., City, E.C.

A.—39c. PARCEL—UNDERLINEN—Eight Ladies' chemises, knitted, lace-trimmed, beautiful nightdresses, 10s. 6d.; approval—Mrs. Scott, 251, Uxbridge-rd., Shepherd's Bush.

BABY'S COMPLETE OUTFIT.—68 articles, 21s.; worth double; exquisitely made; Robes, etc.; approval—Mrs. Scott, 251, Uxbridge-rd., Shepherd's Bush.

BARGAIN.—10s. 6d.; 3 chemises, 3 knickers, 3 petticoats, 3 night-dresses, 30s. to 40s. 6s. monthly; selection of patterns; E. post free; please call—Wittam and Co., 231, Old-st., City, E.C.

BARGAINS.—Half-dozen ladies' assorted hemstitched Handkerchiefs and small lace Collar, post free, 1s. 3d.—The Star Drapery Co., Herve Bay.

B.—BEAUTIFUL Baby Long Clothes; sets of 50 articles, 21s.; a bargain of juveniles; approval—Mrs. Max, 4, Chace, Nottingham.

B.—LOUSES, Costumes, skirts, direct from warehouse, wholesale prices; send 2s. for sample blouse, light or dark; any summer costume; post free—Wans Bros, 159, Bridgewater-st., London.

BOOTS on Credit.—Ladies, 6s. Gent., 10s. 6d.; good Blenheim Suits, 30s. to 40s. 6s. monthly; selection of patterns; E. post free; please call—Wittam and Co., 231, Old-st., City, E.C.

CINGALEE Lawn, dainty and inexpensive; Cingalee Canvas, river and holiday wear; patterns free—Cingalee, 62, Aldermanbury, E.C.

CINGALEE Lawn: worn by the smart set; 1s. 3d. double width; patterns free—Cingalee, 62, Aldermanbury, E.C.

D.—Dainty Blouse Materials and Summer Dress Goods from 4s. 6d. per yard; real Linen Torchon and Valenciennes Lace a speciality; patterns post free—Write, The Manchester Warehouse Co., Department 30, York place, Leeds.

F.—FORTY SHILLING Suit for 10s. 6d.—Great Tailoring offer.—Ladies 30s. to 40s. 6s. monthly; selection of patterns; E. post free; please call—Wittam and Co., 231, Old-st., City, E.C.

G.—Gentlemen's Suits to Measure, 21s.; Ladies' Tailor-made Costumes to Measure, 52s. 6d.; terms cash—City Tailors (Dept. 19), 20, Prince of Wales-st., Norwich.

G.—GRATIS to every lady, "Hosiery," the "Perfect" Sanitary Towel, with guide to fit any waist, free by post.—The Hosiery Co., London.

L.—LADIES hemstitched Handkerchiefs, 2s. 6d.; gent's, 3s. 6d.; plain or hemstitched, 3s. 6d.; filled muslin Curtains, 3 yards, 5s. 6d.; pair, 21s. 6d.; 9d. catalogue of catalogues, free—Marple and Co., 20, Tottenham Court-rd., London.

L.—LADIES only 2s. 6d. need be with your order for perfect fit guaranteed; no alterations; catalogue and self-measurement chart post free—Write, 235, A. Thomas, 317, Upper-st., Tottenham Court-rd., London.

L.—LADIES, send only 1s. 6d. deposit with order and 6s. carriage; high-class Tailor-made Costumes from 15s. 11d.; balances 12s. 6d.; delivery 7d. quick; catalogue and terms post free—Cray Stewart (Dept. 66), Milton-st., E.C.

L.—LADY offers white outfit feather Stock, exceedingly handsome; long and wide; perfectly new; sacrifice 18s. 6d.; approval—Lacy W., 49, Holland-st., S.W.

M.—MONSTER 1s. parcel assorted Laces; exceptional value.—Wray and Co., 10, Tottenham Court-rd., London.

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R.—Reasonable SUGGESTIONS.—Genuine Irish Costumes; very fashionable; soft washable; every article shaded; "jauke up" most fetchingly; 6s. 6d.; yard; 1s. 6d.; 1s. 6d.; yard; Samples Post Free—Hulton, 13, Larnie, London.

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735s. 6d.; 736s. 6d.; 737s. 6d.; 738s. 6d.; 739s. 6d.; 740s. 6d.; 741s. 6d.; 742s. 6d.; 743s. 6d.; 744s. 6d.; 745s. 6d.; 746s. 6d.; 747s. 6d.; 748s. 6d.; 749s. 6d.; 750s. 6d.; 751s. 6d.; 752s. 6d.; 753s. 6d.; 754s. 6d.; 755s. 6d.; 756s. 6d.; 757s. 6d.; 758s. 6d.; 759s. 6d.; 760s. 6d.; 761s. 6d.; 762s. 6d.; 763s. 6d.; 764s. 6d.; 765s. 6d.; 766s. 6d.; 767s. 6d.; 768s. 6d.; 769s. 6d.; 770s. 6d.; 771s. 6d.; 772s. 6d.; 773s. 6d.; 774s. 6d.; 775s. 6d.; 776s. 6d.; 777s. 6d.; 778s. 6d.; 779s. 6d.; 780s. 6d.; 781s. 6d.; 782s. 6d.; 783s. 6d.; 784s. 6d.; 785s. 6d.; 786s. 6d.; 787s. 6d.; 788s. 6d.; 789s. 6d.; 790s. 6d.; 791s. 6d.; 792s. 6d.; 793s. 6d.; 794s. 6d.; 795s. 6d.; 796s. 6d.; 797s. 6d.; 798s. 6d.; 799s. 6d.; 800s. 6d.; 801s. 6d.; 802s. 6d.; 803s. 6d.; 804s. 6d.; 805s. 6d.; 806s. 6d.; 807s. 6d.; 808s. 6d.; 809s. 6d.; 810s. 6d.; 811s. 6d.; 812s. 6d.; 813s. 6d.; 814s. 6d.; 815s. 6d.; 816s. 6d.; 817s. 6d.; 818s. 6d.; 819s. 6d.; 820s. 6d.; 821s. 6d.; 822s. 6d.; 823s. 6d.; 824s. 6d.; 825s. 6d.; 826s. 6d.; 827s. 6d.; 828s. 6d.; 829s. 6d.; 830s. 6d.; 831s. 6d.; 832s. 6d.; 833s. 6d.; 834s. 6d.; 835s. 6d.; 836s. 6d.; 837s. 6d.; 838s. 6d.; 839s. 6d.; 840s. 6d.; 841s. 6d.; 842s. 6d.; 843s. 6d.; 844s. 6d.; 845s. 6d.; 846s. 6d.; 847s. 6d.; 848s. 6d.; 849s. 6d.; 850s. 6d.; 851s. 6d.; 852s. 6d.; 853s. 6d.; 854s. 6d.; 855s. 6d.; 856s. 6d.; 857s. 6d.; 858s. 6d.; 859s. 6d.; 860s. 6d.; 861s. 6d.; 862s. 6d.; 863s. 6d.; 864s. 6d.; 865s. 6d.; 866s. 6d.; 867s. 6d.; 868s. 6d.; 869s. 6d.; 870s. 6d.; 871s. 6d.; 872s. 6d.; 873s. 6d.; 874s. 6d.; 875s. 6d.; 876s. 6d.; 877s. 6d.; 878s. 6d.; 879s. 6d.; 880s. 6d.; 881s. 6d.; 882s. 6d.; 883s. 6d.; 884s. 6d.; 885s. 6d.; 886s. 6d.; 887s. 6d.; 888s. 6d.; 889s. 6d.; 890s. 6d.; 891s. 6d.; 892s. 6d.; 893s. 6d.; 894s. 6d.; 895s. 6d.; 896s. 6d.; 897s. 6d.; 898s. 6d.; 899s. 6d.; 900s. 6d.; 901s. 6d.; 902s. 6d.; 903s. 6d.; 904s. 6d.; 905s. 6d.; 906s. 6d.; 907s. 6d.; 908s. 6d.; 909s. 6d.; 910s. 6d.; 911s. 6d.; 912s. 6d.; 913s. 6d.; 914s. 6d.; 915s. 6d.; 916s. 6d.; 917s. 6d.; 918s. 6d.; 919s. 6d.; 920s. 6d.; 921s. 6d.; 922s. 6d.; 923s. 6d.; 924s. 6d.; 925s. 6d.; 926s. 6d.;